THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Mag[illegible]
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Fr[illegible]

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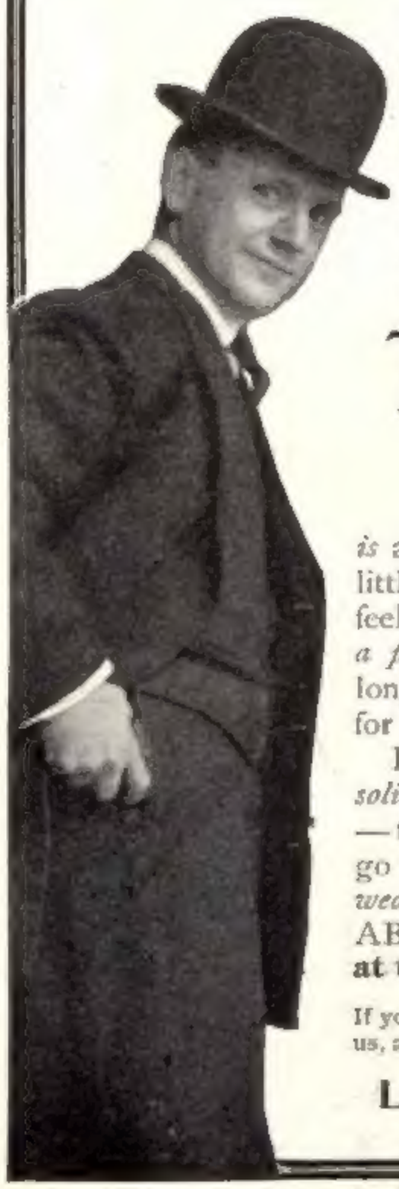

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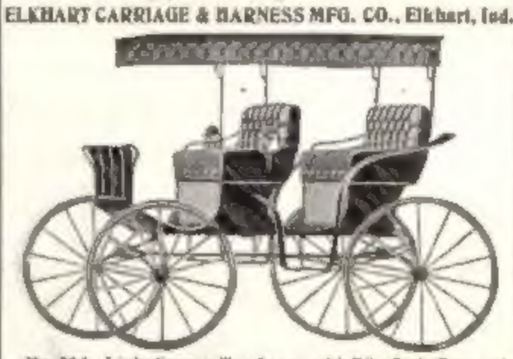

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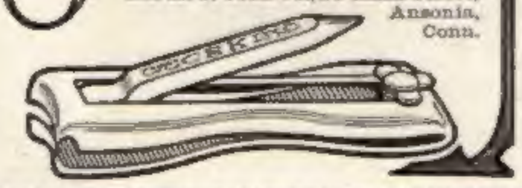

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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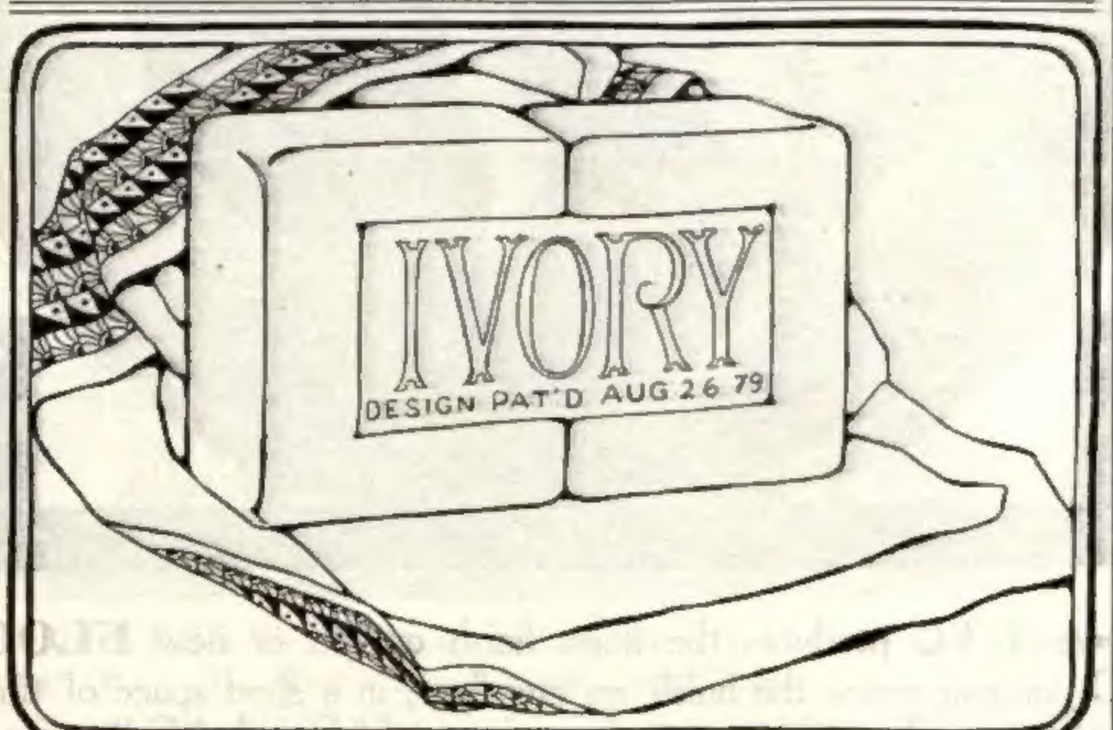

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Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4, 1907 Number 44

The New Railroad Conscience

How the Sphinxes of Wall Street are Learning to Talk

By Isaac F. Marcosson

"YES," said Mr. Harriman, "there must be closer relation between the railroads and the people. There has been too much hostility, too much misunderstanding. There must be friendlier and franker coöperation for mutual interest."

He leaned back in his chair and spoke with velvet voice. His manner was almost persuasive; for the eagle had become the dove. The peace that brooded over his private office, once called "the centre of the United States," was as profound as the calm that hung over old Trinity churchyard, drowsing in the April twilight, just across Broadway.

Was this the same E. H. Harriman who, for years, had barked at the reporters who sought to interview him; who had snapped his fingers at indignant Public Opinion that demanded to know what he was doing with public properties; who had met with contemptuous silence the advances of an investigating Law? And was this the office, whose air seemed to breathe restfulness and confidence, where railroad destinies had been made and unmade; where the web of secrecy had been spun, where a choice tank of water for stock-increasing purposes was always on tap?

Yes, this was E. H. Harriman, and the place he surveyed was the nerve centre of the Harriman empire. From the roll-top desk before him stretched the long wires that bound a whole railroad world to him. The master's hand was still upon them, but its touch had somewhat changed. Out of the night had come a still, small voice seeking truce.

Other individuals and other railroads have abused their power, have seen the error of their ways and begun to repent, for we have come to a repentant era in our business life, and the first-fruits of that repentance are already ripening.

What is this new Railroad Conscience? What are its concrete manifestations? What do they mean to the whole American people?

In a country like the United States, where it enters so largely into the life and prosperity of the public, what concerns the railroad, with regard to its conduct, service and development, must inevitably affect the people. For fundamentally their interests are identical. The railroad has quickened the step of the nation, for the railroad has been pathfinder and builder. As its mighty network of 220,000 miles of rails (enough to put a single track around the world eight times and have some left for sidings) spread itself new deserts bloomed and wealth sprang up.

But other things besides empire and riches grew; there developed as a result of this prosperity an imperialism of railroad power which ran riot in abuse and misconduct. The story of the railroad is a story of constructive achievement and public service, in which are many passages of high finance, jugglery and manipulation, from the days when Jay Gould and Jim Fisk made the Erie "the Scarlet Woman of Wall Street" down to those of E. H. Harriman, "the living justification of all recent railroad legislation enacted."

Out of the chaos and scandal of the Erie came order and stability, for the law and the people took a hand. Now, will railroad history repeat itself?

The carnival of abuse which had made the Erie notorious had hardly ceased when a new and disturbing factor came into the relation between the railroads and the people. It was not the union of railroad and political power, for that, it appears, had always existed; it took the form of the rebates and discrimination in freight rates. This new factor was the offspring of the trust, born of desire for reckless business expansion. It crushed competition, it created special interests, it throttled whole industries, it sent thousands of men to bankruptcy. The story of the rebate and rate agitation is familiar, and one of its results is the Hepburn bill, which might be called the Magna Charta of the shipper.

But rate legislation and agitation served a larger purpose than this; for it directed public scrutiny upon the whole matter of railroad conduct and railroad power.

The people said: "If the shipper has not been getting a square deal, how about the investor, for the investor owns the railroads?"

Thus the fever of inquiry and investigation spread, and the revelations that followed made even the most sophisticated sit up. In all developments that followed, too, the deeds and daring of E. H. Harriman stood out as conspicuous examples of what one kind of railroad control had come to be.

Harriman had created a new meaning for the word control. He had risen to the position of a railroad autocrat who consulted no one, heeded no one, answered no one. He was wise enough not to try to tinker with the rate legislation. A rebate was a small matter compared with the destiny of a whole railway system. So he stood pat and said nothing. His silence was golden and the ticker sang the song of fortune to him.

The tale the ticker told was not for his ear alone. One by one the Harriman transactions, which had been secret history before, were uncovered. There was, for example, the episode of the Union Pacific ten per cent. dividend, which was declared only, it is alleged, after it had been held up long enough to give Mr. Harriman and his associates time to use their information for speculative purposes; there was the famous (or infamous) Alton deal, as artistic a piece of railroad financiering as the country had seen in a long time, by which the hose was turned on an old and reliable property, and out of the watered stock and inflated values flowed millions of dollars of profit for Mr. Harriman and his associates. The earned millions of the Union Pacific, and those profits made by transactions in the stocks of other railroads, were planted in Wall Street, bearing a golden harvest—but not for the stockholders.

All the while Mr. Harriman masked his batteries and spread the mantle of silence over his operations. But some of his operations spoke loudly for themselves, as, for instance, when the Interstate Commerce Commission asked him about the reported sale of his stocks to the Union Pacific Railroad, of which he was president, and he declined to answer.

This attitude stirred the people to a righteous wrath. "Why, here," they said, "is a man who thinks he is bigger than the Law."

A flood of anti-railroad feeling threatened to inundate the whole railroad structure. Abuse of railroad power became a political issue—the slogan of politicians. It made a winning appeal. Legislatures bristled into action. Half a dozen States passed two-cent-fare laws. The desks of other State Assemblies were piled up with bills aimed at the railroads. New York alone had one hundred and ten; Texas had eighty-three. Moreover, this widespread feeling made sober judgment difficult; the good railroads were classed with those that permitted Wall Street manipulation of the stocks.

President Roosevelt's presence was ominous. No one knew what he was going to say or do. Then, instead of using the Big Stick, he waved a red lantern that warned them of danger.

This hostile feeling tore railroad credit to shreds, for credit is a very fragile fabric. It became difficult for the railroads to borrow money, and when they did borrow they had to pay very high interest. They went to Europe with their hats in their hands, but the disclosures and the sentiment over here had shaken foreign confidence as well.

Railroad stocks began to decline, and in sympathy other securities went down. Panic loomed large. In a single day there was a depreciation of nearly a billion dollars. The innocent investor, who had no hand or heart in this game of giants, was the real sufferer.

Then came the grand somersault. Mr. Harriman bounded into the limelight, and announced that henceforth he would be in the open and would take the public into his confidence as far as his railroad affairs were concerned. Promptly the new Railroad Conscience declared its largest dividend, and became a factor to reckon with.

Now let us see what it has been doing.

Go up and down the long and winding way of the Harriman "Pacifics," or any other railroad that his organization has touched, and you will hear some unexpected things.

Ask the traffic men or even the station agents what new edict has gone forth from headquarters, and they will tell you that it reads something like this:

"Listen to the complaints of the people; heed them, and be courteous."

But something else happened that is more significant than what is indicated by this command. Mr. Harriman's general traffic manager went over the whole territory traversed by the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company as a sort of envoy to the people. His business was to find out what the people wanted—what their grievances were. And what was more important, he brought the whole bag of grievances back to his chief.

If this trip had been taken a year ago all kinds of constructions would have been put on it. Some people would have smelled discriminations; others would have wondered what new kind of gold brick was to be handed out.

The New Harriman Point of View

I ASKED Mr. Harriman this question: "If you believe in a closer relation between the railroads and the people, would you be in favor of having all your stockholders present at your annual meetings and letting them have their say?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "I should welcome them." Then, after a moment, he added: "But they don't know anything about running a railroad."

"What is the railroad's largest responsibility to the people?" I asked.

"To provide facilities," he replied.

"Do you think the people are given as much specific information as they should have in railroad statements and reports?"

"I am heartily in favor of their getting all the facts possible about our roads. I believe in the widest publicity in this direction. Our statements are as clear as they can be made," said Mr. Harriman.

On the subject of the closer relation between the railroads and the people, Mr. Harriman is very emphatic. He said:

"We have left too many explanations to lawyers and subordinates. It is time to come out in the open and tell all the railroad's side. I want the largest possible number of people interested in the railroads which I manage. The railroad needs the intelligent interest of the stockholder just as it needs the interest and business of the public that uses it."

One other thing stands out very clearly in Mr. Harriman's new view of the relation with the people, and, as he puts it, it is this: "I am in favor," he says, "of a Federal statute that will permit the railroads to make traffic agreements which will be enforced and which will stand. This would make an amicable distribution of traffic that would benefit the shipper and be an aid to the railroad. It would distribute the various classes of freight so that each road could carry the kind it was best equipped to handle. But these agreements should be made to keep, for it is in the breaking of traffic agreements that the worst fault of the system has been."

The sale of stocks is classed by Mr. Harriman as "private business." On this subject he is silent. But the very fact that he has spoken at all is a striking evidence of the new railroad state of mind. He has shown regard, in his declarations at least, for the shipper and the investor, and it is with these two that the responsibility lies.

Far out in the Northwest, where James J. Hill's gigantic dream of empire has been realized in miles of railroad, you will find the Railroad Conscience working some. Not long ago there was considerable talk of a revaluation of our railroads with a view of finding out what the actual cost and value of these properties were, and to establish a new basis and schedule of rates on this revised estimate. Such a work would have squeezed the water out of a large quantity of stocks, and would have depreciated values to a very wide extent.

Anything to Satisfy the Public

IT WAS intimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission that a statement of the revaluation of the Northern Pacific would be an interesting document to have. What happened? The way the Northern Pacific complied was astonishing, and this cheerful and swift compliance was, in itself, a significant performance. A year ago it would have taken a legislative inquiry, backed up by Federal law, to have got such a statement. To be sure, the Northern Pacific was not taking any great chances with this display of conscience; for the statement it presented showed that the road could not be duplicated to-day by the amount of money represented by the capitalization.

It used to be the fashion for the railroads to send their general counsel to Washington to plead their cause. Washington was the most convenient place in the country to have things done; now it is about the best place to have them undone. The learned general counsel used to plead before House and Senate committees about the "private rights" of railroads, and often their eloquence and convincing arguments prevailed.

But things are different now. The railroad presidents go to Washington. It is not always a pleasant journey. The heart-to-heart process seems to be the fashion with the President of the United States, as with the people. It is the case of the new "closer relation"—higher up. There is no more striking illustration of this than in the visit of Mr. Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, to Mr. Roosevelt. He has never had any special love for the President. He is a close friend of Mr. E. H. Harriman, and a member of the executive committee of Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad. Yet he went to see Mr. Roosevelt. Others have gone, too, including Mr. Mellen, the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

The celebrated pilgrimage of Mr. J. P. Morgan is remembered as one of the humorous features of the railroad war, for the veteran financier and organizer arranged for a meeting without the consent of the principals, and the meeting never took place. But there was large significance behind the arrangement.

There are signs, too, of the decline and fall of the "one-man power" in the railroads. To this "one-man system," which permitted Mr. Harriman to become absolute dictator of a whole railway empire, the accusing finger of Public Opinion has long been pointed. Although he has an executive committee (and it is the executive committee that does the real railway ruling) Mr. Harriman has dominated his railroads and their control.

The Bankers' Ultimatum

NOW comes a sentiment for an enlarged executive committee on the Union Pacific with increased powers as a committee. This sentiment is inspired by bankers who have large railroad interests, and by the investors, too. If it is effective it means that Mr. Harriman's rule is to be divided.

The rapidity with which the railroads have come in out of the wet to claim the protection of the Hepburn law is in itself a convincing evidence of a new state of mind among them. To be sure, the law was there with an iron hand to compel good rate behavior. But there are many different ways of bowing to the inevitable. And the railroads have taken the graceful way.

Shortly before he retired as Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. W. H. Moody said to me: "Nothing has pleased me more in the outcome of the rate litigation than the ready compliance of the railroads. Not a day passes but that the Department of Justice receives letters from traffic managers and freight agents asking for information about the law."

The Hepburn bill has gone a long way toward remedying another evil which struck at the very foundation of railway financial structure. Under the old order of things the stockbroker, knowing that excessive freight rates could support any issue of stock, no matter how much it might be watered, could go ahead and operate in that stock. Under the new law he might know all the inside details of rates, but the road and its rate are at the mercy of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which can demand a reduction of the rates, and also a published statement of all the road's financial details. The broker can operate with the railroad, but in a different way—the honest way. Thus an old peril of the stockholder and the investor is wiped out.

Railroads are showing a disposition to permit the public to become better acquainted with their financial affairs, as the specific details of new statements show. Heretofore these statements have been as Greek to the layman. Publicity will enforce caution.

The fact that some railroad presidents have been brokers and financiers, rather than officials, has provoked much of the hostile feeling that now exists against the corporation.

"Take the ticker out of the railroad office," demand the people. For in the lure of the ticker lies a real menace to the interests of the stockholders.

I asked one of the best-known railroad presidents in the United States what he thought of the buying of stocks by the railroads, and he replied in one terse sentence that told the whole story: "Railroads shall not be made into investment companies."

Herein lies the key to the largest responsibility of the railroad president. In the first and best sense he is merely a trustee of the people. The office he holds is a semi-public one. He is in a position to know the financial plans of his company, and this information which he receives and helps to make in advance could be turned into a fortune on the Stock Exchange. The temptation is strong if the ticker is calling at his side.

Shall this information be used for the enrichment of his friends or of his stockholders? The railroad president's divided duty is to both stockholders and the public. He can play with marked cards if he wants to, and the public will probably never be the wiser. But sometimes it will be the poorer as a result.

Mr. Harriman for some time has stood as the most glaring example of the railroad president who was expert financier, too. He made the Union Pacific a sort of private bank and he loaned its money up and down Wall Street. This money was surplus, and railroad surplus properly belongs to the stockholders to be used in development or in dividends.

It is with the disposition of the surplus that the new Railroad Conscience must concern itself.

If Mr. Harriman in his new mood will eliminate the ticker from his business he will be performing one of his largest public services.

The Real Railroad Owners

NOW, who are the real owners of the American railroads? Not Mr. Harriman, nor Mr. Gould, nor Mr. Hill, nor Mr. Vanderbilt. It is the people who own them. You cannot throw a stone into a city crowd without striking some one who owns some kind of railroad security.

The list of stockholders in the railways makes an imposing array, yet it is seldom considered in any relation between the railroads and the people. There are nearly 400,000 stockholders in the United States, although so eminent an authority as Mr. James J. Hill told me that he thought it was nearer 700,000.

The Pennsylvania heads the list with 44,175, while Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific, which he has dominated, is owned by 14,256 people.

Here is a partial list:

Atchison	17,823
Baltimore and Ohio	7,132
Boston and Albany	8,417
Boston and Maine	7,402
Boston and Lowell	2,168
Chesapeake and Ohio	1,478
Chicago and Alton	2,039
Chicago and Northwestern	4,109
Chicago Great Western	5,949
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	5,832
Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton	1,558
Big Four	1,965
Delaware and Hudson	3,819
Lackawanna	1,575
Denver and Rio Grande	2,910
Erie	4,309
Hocking Valley	1,503
Illinois Central	9,123
Lehigh Valley	5,777
Louisville and Nashville	1,672
Missouri, Kansas and Texas	1,509
Missouri Pacific	1,861
Morris and Essex	2,450
New York Central	11,782
New York, New Haven and Hartford	10,842
Norfolk and Western	2,911
New York, Lackawanna and Western	1,070
Old Colony	5,371
Pennsylvania	44,175
Pere Marquette	1,984
Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown	1,035
Rutland Railroad	1,058
St. Louis and San Francisco	1,521
Southern	9,572
Southern Pacific	2,424
Union Pacific	14,256
United N. J. R. R. and Canal	3,585
Wabash	1,974

Here is a large army of people with rights. Have they ever exercised them? How many go to annual meetings or how many ever think of putting their proxies where they will really represent and do something? Of course,

it is out of the question for many of these stockholders to go to annual meetings, but they can dictate the use of their proxies. For it is in the peril of the misuse of the proxy that a danger to their interests lies.

Yet there are examples of live, active interest of stockholders. Take the Illinois Central when Mr. Stuyvesant Fish was president. Annual meeting day was a great event for the stockholders up and down the line. The road sent them passes and they flocked to the meetings. Women saved their annual shopping for that day (for the per cent. of women stockholders in American railroads is very large); they had an outing, and they felt they were taking some part in the conduct of the property in which their money was interested.

Mr. Fish encouraged this sort of thing. He was a type of railroad president who believed in finding out what the people wanted and letting them have it, if it were possible to do so. He has ceased to be a railroad president, thanks to the energetic efforts of Mr. Harriman, who controls the Illinois Central.

Over in England, where railroad stock is widely held by the people, the stockholders take an active interest in the affairs of the companies. The annual meetings are like some of our national conventions. Herders from far-off shires, small clerks from the provincial banks, shopkeepers from the cities, all meet on common ground and in common discussion. The reports of these meetings are filled with accounts of picturesque encounters with humble stockholders and high officials.

What is the result of such coöperation on the part of the stockholder? He cannot tell the officials how to conduct a road, but he can show by his presence and his interest that there is scrutiny of the company's affairs. This scrutiny is helpful to the Railroad Conscience and to good behavior.

But now that there seems to be a new Railroad Conscience the problem is to keep it alive. Like some newfound virtue, it is liable to languish from want of practice. Among bankers who are interested in railroad properties (and they often furnish the sinews of railroad war) you will find a disposition to throw safeguards about this conscience, and make it a permanent contribution to the morality of American business life.

The head of a great international banking house which has large financial interests in railroads said to me:

"There will be no lack of conscience if the law is enforced, for in the rigid enforcement of the law lies the best chance for harmony and mutual usefulness between the railroads and the people."

This same banker made the following five suggestions for safeguards to be thrown about the people's railroad interests:

1. The prevention of over-capitalization, which would eliminate watered stock and put the railroads on a real, not a speculative, basis.
2. Providing for the right of railroads to make traffic agreements that would be beneficial to the shipper.
3. Forbidding railroads from dealing in the stocks of other railroads, thus taking the stock ticker out of the railroad office.
4. Making it unlawful for railroads to build, own or operate parallel lines, thus stimulating honest competition.
5. Making it illegal for officials or directors in a railroad to invest or speculate in the stocks of that railroad.

Fundamentally there is nothing wrong with the railroads, for American achievement has set a new standard of physical efficiency. It is not a matter of systems, but a matter of the men who conduct them.

A certain railroad president who has left a deep impress in the constructive record of his times said to me: "There is nothing the matter with the railroads. They have always had a conscience, for the expression of this conscience is in fair dealing. But you hear a lot about reform and a new deal when somebody is caught with the goods." At that he whirled around to his desk and took up a sheet of paper. "I have been making some comparisons here," he said. "Perhaps they will interest you. Here is a comparative statement of the capitalization of railroads per mile. In England it is $271,000; in France it is $136,000; in Germany $110,000, while in the United States it is $64,000.

"In this country we carry twice as many tons per mile as they do in France, and a third more than in England. In this respect Germany is our closest rival. American railway wages are twice as high as the wages in England and Germany; while our freight rates are lower than any of the countries that I have mentioned.

"Does this show that there is anything wrong with the American railroads? The trouble is that there is more business than the railroads can handle. There is need of new railroads. But who is going to invest in a railroad in the face of all the hostile legislation?"

You have been shown concrete evidence of a desire on the part of some railroads and some railroad officials who have strayed from the straight and narrow path of corporate rectitude to turn about and "lead a better life." But it is one thing to incorporate virtue and equality in revised railroad charters, to make high resolves for franker relations, to spread uplifting declarations on the minutes of annual meetings. It is quite another thing to witness the faithful fulfillment of these noble resolves. Will they be carried out in the letter and the spirit? That is the question that the people are asking.

When you tread on the toes of Big Interests and Special Privileges some one has to suffer. Not usually the Big Interests or the Special Privileges. Who will suffer?

It takes more than politics and abuse of power to impair the magnificent structure of the American railroad, with its billions of dollars of capital and its interests bound up in the people's interests. For it has an empire all its own.

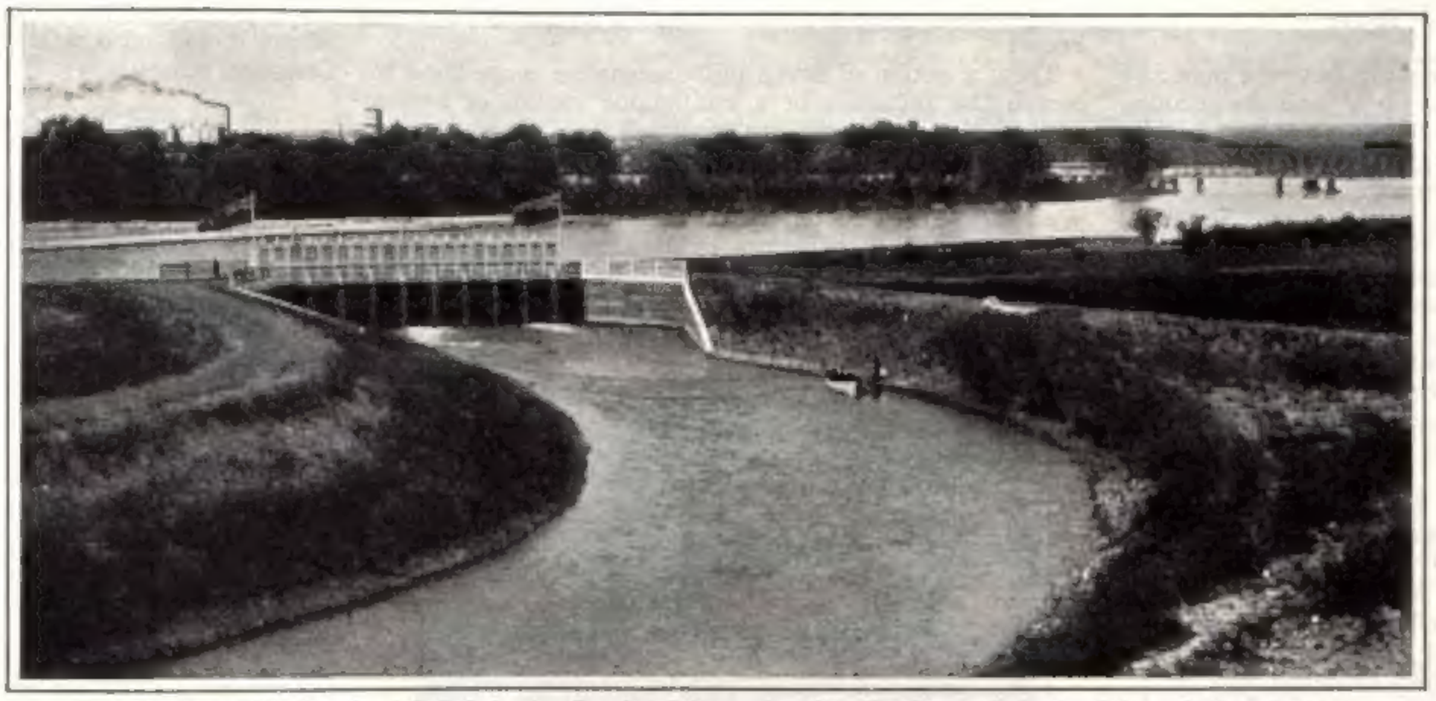
There has been no quarrel with the railroad, but rather with the men and the methods behind it. The awakening of a new Railroad Conscience has revealed no new responsibility; it has merely disclosed an old obligation. For the people gave the railroads the license to live—the people own them. It is to the people that the railroad owes its largest duty.

ALBERTA RED

The Yankee Province of the Northwest and its Wonders

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.
—Gulliver's Travels.



Headgate Main Canal. C. P. R. Irrigation Canal at Calgary, Canada. The Biggest Irrigation Scheme in America

THE Sleeping Empire Beyond" is what a decade ago the Americans called Canada, and it was General William T. Sherman who during a period of pugnacity fixed upon us the title of the "Frozen Belt." But the frozen belt yields a yearly tale of forty bushels of hard wheat to the acre, the sleeping empire has awakened. The most interesting part of the story of the Greater Britain of the North, of Larger Canada, as of all stories, is the human nature part of it, the personal equation. And in this drama of awakening the American has played a leading rôle. Within the last twelve years there has grown up in Western Canada an American population of over two hundred and fifty thousand; outside the city of Winnipeg the cousins from the South outnumber the native Canadians two to one, and when it comes to Calgary, the cowboy capital of the cattle country, we find four-fifths of the land owned by Americans.

A bunch of cattle rampant and a sheaf of wheat on a field azure would make a good coat-of-arms for Calgary, breezy, buoyant Calgary away up in the Canadian cattle country, nestling like a cup in the foothills of the Rockies.

The influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway is very potent here, as in all Western Canada. One is reminded of Mike Flanagan out of a job and railing at fortune. He had walked the ties from one railroad town to another, passing the Canadian Pacific Railway freight-sheds, grain-elevators and palatial hotels. This big corporation insists upon the twenty-four-hour system of time reckoning: midnight is twenty-four o'clock, and teatime seventeen-thirty. Ruminating Flanagan was held up at the edge of the freight-yards by a fellow-countryman. "Have ye Canadian Pacific Railroad toime on ye?" And Flanagan explodes. "Canadian Pacific Railroad toime, is it? They own the railroad, an' the towns, and every dom fut of land, an' all the jobs; if they own the toime of day, by the sowl of blessed Peter it's me for Connemara!" But every Flanagan is a born pessimist; here, as elsewhere, the railroads and the newspapers have been the precursors of progress.

But little was known or heard of the country at the base of the Rocky Mountains, now designated Alberta, until the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1883. Up to that time Alberta had no direct communication with other parts of Canada, east or west. The postal service was through the United States. American money was in circulation, and all the necessary supplies for consumption and wear came overland from Fort Benton. The railway changed all that, Alberta burst her swaddling bands, Calgary tents changed to sod huts, sod huts to frame houses, frame houses to graystone fronts, and the foothill cow-town began to grow by leaps and bounds, until last year Alberta took her place a full-fledged Province in the Canadian Confederacy.

"Do you know the reason why?" asked a waggish Calgary man of the visiting members of the Canadian Press Club. "The reason why what?" I replied. "The reason why everything," said he; "why you and I are here; why Calgary is here." And with that he dropped into our hands a few grains of Alberta Red, the famous winter wheat. His banter had point to it.

Calgary was a successful cow-town and content, but the day she discovered she could grow winter wheat was her day of destiny. Her road to prosperity trends east and west, and it has a double signboard—Ranching and Winter Wheat.

"The Sirloin of Canada" and "The Bread-Basket of the Orient," Calgary sends bunch-grass beef to Britain, and flour through the Rockies and the Pacific to that far West which in ultimate Japan merges to East again.

Elbert Hubbard says he welcomes to his workshop the reformed drunkard and the escaped criminal, but has no glad hand or Fra Elbertus smile for the English remittance-man. In Calgary to-day are three distinct types of men: the native Canadian, the perhaps somewhat assertive American, and the English brother who "does not understand." Perhaps eighty per cent. of Calgary is owned by Americans. Between these and the native-born is the camaraderie of sympathy and common aims; but

Turning Yellow Wheat to Yellow Double Eagles on the Canadian Prairie

the younger son of the "gray old mother over-seas" is, we must sorrowfully admit, even here under the folds of the Union Jack, a depreciated currency.

The tales they tell of these Bond Street misfits would fill a book. And yet one of the most picturesque features of cosmopolitan and metropolitan Calgary are these same outcroppings of Burke's peerage—leather leggins, riding-breeches made in London town, a monocle, the correct thing in riding-crops, and collars and cuffs like Cæsar's wife—as he swings down the main street, head in air, he is indeed good to look at. Pity he is so useless. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. He will not work, he lives on the unearned increment, and toils not, neither does he spin, so the West spits him out of its mouth.

One of these gilded youths will sometimes offer himself with a bonus to some horny son of toil to be taught rawnchin', don't yer know? And then the fun begins. Being sent out to harness a horse to a plow, he is discovered trying to fasten the animal between the handles. The thrifty Mennonite who has drawn in the agricultural lottery this son of a thousand earls releases him from the predicament and gives him the humbler ox to guide.

The Ox Will Turn

THE mysteries of the verbal medium between man and his primal coadjutor baffle "my lud," and the grinning small boys peering through a knot-hole in the barn hear in Eton accents, "Gee, Bright! Oh, I beg pawdon, old chap, *Haw*, I mean." The mild-eyed ox subjected to the injury of ignorance turns even as the worm turns. He turns frequently and abruptly, till the black lines on the surface of that land now being put under the plow for the first time since the dawn of creation look like the tea-box language on a special consignment of orange pekoe. Even Cecil Ponsonby Fitzwilliam, seventh Earl of High Holborn, Baron Sussex-by-the-Sea, looks regretfully at the desecration of the prairie, and then cheers up with the audible, "Oh, the whole bloody field has to be plowed sometime, anyway!"

He wonders why the deuce the farmers don't have pneumatic tires on their work-wagons and cork grips to the plow handles. "Such a jolly sight more comfortable and all that, don't yer know!" A cousin of this man was ranching on his own account and sowed a field to bran. Wild oats was the only crop of which he had previous knowledge. At home he had driven his coach, and played polo and followed the hounds across country. In Canada, hard is "the road the younger son must tread ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own"; no primrose path of dalliance finds it.

He is clean. That is his one virtue; all round the Seven Seas the Englishman travels with his tub. Sometimes he puts it to a novel use. One of these farmers' apprentices, or mud-students, sent to clear an alder bottom succeeded in giving his foot an ugly gash at the very first stroke of the axe. He was laid up for three weeks and then his exasperated mentor sent him forth again. He started before daylight, and just at noon was discovered standing in his tub for protection and carefully striking out at the standing trees from this vantage-ground.

Western Canada is the crucible of the nations; every country and creed and tongue is represented in these wide wheat-fields: Nestorians, Norwegians, Swedes, Russian Doukhobors with their "altogether pilgrimages," Sarcee, Blackfoot and Cree, canny Scot, Salvation Army settlers, the Cockneys of the Barr colony and Mormons from Utah. But here in Calgary, at the foothills of the Rockies, it is the American who owns the fat things and moulds public opinion, who, in striking power, in foot-pound terms of constructive development, is the active potent factor.

Until within recent years Western Canada has not been fortunate in her immigrants from England. First came, as we have seen, the remittance-man with champagne-and-truffles education and a beer-and-cheese ability, coupled too often with the whiskey-and-soda habit. He was a cumberer of the earth and spelled no progress whatever.

Afterward followed city folk from England's crowded centres, the kind of people who "mean well" and seldom get beyond the meaning, willing to work but ignorant of the country, and in fitness generations behind the men who fought their course across the continent by way of the Appalachians and the Missouri.

"The Americanization of Canada" is a question sorely troubling a certain class of intellects in the mother country. These good souls are fussing about exhorting us not to play too much with that precocious, vulgar, little boy across the fence. But there is nothing to worry over. Canada is loyal, more truly loyal than many a home-keeping "Little Englander." Kipling, seized with this, asks, "What do they know of England who only England know?"

True, a nation of seven millions can no more hope to escape the influence of a contiguous nation of ninety millions than the ocean can free itself from the attraction of the moon. Business is dull or business is brisk on both sides of the dividing parallel concurrently. A slump on Wall Street is not confined to New York; it makes itself felt on the stock exchange of Montreal and the grain markets of Winnipeg; not only in the mining camps of British Columbia and the cattle-ranges of Alberta, but in the remotest fishing village of lone Labrador and the trading posts on the Lesser Slave.

A Wheatfield in Alberta. This Wheat with the Slight Hirsute Appendage is the "Red Winter" Which is Making Alberta Famous

Canada and the United States spring from the same stock; each is working out its destiny of nationhood in similar environment, with the same hopes and fears and aspirations. Broadly speaking, they face the same problems and battle with the same difficulties. Wherein they both differ from Old-World ideas and ways is precisely on those viewpoints where a people which has built up a home for itself out of the wilderness within the memory of living man must necessarily differ from one which has completely forgotten what a wilderness looks like.

"But," cavils the Englishman, "these thousands of Americans swarming over the Canadian prairies will transplant their ideas, and we shall find American institutions growing up as tares among the Canadian wheat." American pluck and impetuosity and initiative make a pretty good crop. Let us have all we can get of it.

As Canadian citizens we believe that taking one thing with another our national institutions, though far from perfect, are still superior to those of the United States. We believe they are at once more elastic, more responsive to the popular will, and more stable because more elastic. And our troubled English brother should remember that when the American farmer determines upon Canadian affairs it will be constitutionally at the polls and as a Canadian citizen.

Wheat the Great Magician

THE centre of population in Canada is steadily moving westward. Wheat is a great magician. The West is gaining in political power as it gains in population and prosperity. The transfer of the balance of power to the prairies cannot fail to have its effect upon the political future of the country. Western Canadians have problems peculiarly their own, and they will seek their solution. The question of railway transportation will take on a new phase when the prairie people have forty or fifty members at Ottawa full of determination to get the best possible rate to the seaboard. Party names and war-cries mean less in the West than in the East. The Western people are a practical people, and clamor for the bread of fact rather than the stone of conventional tradition.

Canada finds herself on the crest of a just-forming great wave of progress. Over forty years' wandering in the wilderness of national obscurity has given us good preparation for future performance. Our governmental machinery has been well tested before it has felt the strain of a rapidly-increasing population.

We are not hampered by Old-World traditions nor handicapped by New-World inexperience. Freed for the time from international disputes we may spend our energies in administering home affairs. We may construct where older nations must reconstruct; and if we borrow an American institution or two, providing it be a good one, let no man hold up hands in holy horror.

Japan has borrowed political institutions wherever she found one she thought she needed lying round loose, but Japan is as Japanese at heart as she was in the days of the Tycoon and the two-sworded Samurai; Belgium to-day, after centuries of contiguity and intercourse, is not exactly French, and little Switzerland, surrounded by the Powers, will be Switzerland to the last curtain-fall.

The Last West is the theatre where the ultimate destiny of Greater Canada is to be wrought out; the stage of the miracle play lies between Lake Superior's Thunder Bay and the silver peaks of Banff, latitude 49 and sub-Arctic

The Big Elevators Spring Up All Across the Prairie

scrub pines. Here is a wonder wheatfield one thousand miles long and full five hundred wide. The city of Winnipeg guards the eastern portal and Calgary the west. The place of all places in America to study types is this town built on the banks of the Bow and spilling itself out over the foothills. Blood Indian and Owen Wister cowboy, English "rawncher" in riding breeches and coat of faultless cut, long-legged American and erect, clear-eyed Canadian girl, all these one sees on the street, together with the preponderant army of those who wear overalls. And here a hint. In Calgary and the West generally, never judge a man by the denims he wears; you may scratch a working-man and find a Pat Burns, the "Father of Canada's Meat Industry," the Armour of Alberta, and many times a millionaire; or you may find yourself, as I was, driven out into the grazing country by a $75,000 stage-driver. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," but here, in the wideness of God's all outdoors, Heaven be praised, one must have more than clothes to measure up to a man's full stature.

Mr. Pat C. Burns, of Calgary

IT WAS Mr. Pat C. Burns, of Calgary, who organized and built up the mammoth meat business of the Canadian West. At the time of the Klondike rush Pat Burns got one thousand dollars a head for steers at Dawson and a dollar a pound for beef on the hoof. These were the days when a meal cost five dollars, a square meal twenty dollars, and a gorge a hundred and twenty-five dollars. I saw in Calgary a shipment of frozen meat wrapped in cotton and then in burlap and consigned to the Yukon. It would require a whole train to transport it. Burns' company sends frozen meats to Dawson and beef on the hoof to the Old Land, and maintains retail meat-markets in no less than sixty cities in Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon.

A day's drive with Pat Burns is a liberal education in itself. And

> When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
> And the horizons of the plain are blurred,

dull indeed are you if you return home no wiser regarding Canada's cattle on a thousand hills.

Everywhere you see them, quietly browsing in groups, or in the heat of the day wading the shallow waters of the Bow or the Belly, even intruding upon the ditches of the irrigation works. At eventide, as steadily and regularly as a detachment of the mounted police, they march to drink their fill from the running streams.

I have seen Mike King walk through a Vancouver Island forest, count the trees in forty paces, run his eye up to the towering top of a couple of Douglas firs, and without taking his hands from his pocket announce, "By the lovely Dove, this section will turn out four hundred thousand feet to the acre!" And afterward at the lumber-mill the sawyer's tally-board would not differ from his estimate five hundred board-feet. So with Pat Burns. In his day's drive he scrutinizes closely a score of typical beasts, gives a casual look to perhaps a couple of hundred more, and on the strength of his observations buys for spot cash three thousand head.

Mr. Burns was asked if he did not think the export of dead meat preferable to the shipping of live cattle to Great Britain. He did not at all favor the idea, emphasizing the point that, when the live animal is shipped, he carries with him hide and offal to the higher market without any extra charge. Mr. Burns was one of several stock experts to declare that domestic cattle actually improve and fatten on the sea to Britain.

He says: "Hogs pay well. Turning wheat to pork through the active agency of the hog as working partner is a profitable business. Wheat at fifty cents a bushel fed to a good, conscientious hog nets nearly a dollar and a quarter a bushel. I'd rather sell my wheat at the pork-counter than at the elevator."

Here the ranching world is bounded on the west by the Rockies, on the south by the international boundary, on the north by the climate, and on the east by circumstances, the circumstances being a conflict between established grazier and the newly-arrived settler, who comes with visions of a wheat harvest, breaks the sod and impinges on the herder's buffalo blue grass, the carpet of Canada. The climate makes the ranching country and the Chinook wind makes the climate, the warm Chinook filtering through the Rockies full of the fragrance of the far-off sea, bearing beneficent moisture on its wings and pregnant with potential harvests.

Calgary is a three-volume novel. The book begins with the coming of that first bunch of cattle back in the old freighting days; the Canadian Pacific Railroad opened the second chapter in the summer of 1883. Then three or four years ago some experimental soul discovered that by tickling these bunch-grass meadows they would rollick into bumper harvests of winter wheat. And with the advent of Alberta Red the third chapter, the chapter of metropolitan cityhood, of electric plants and irrigation schemes, of municipal ownership and clearing-houses and chartered banks began. Winter wheat was the magician. As a magnet it exercises a drawing power more potent and permanent than the placer mines of the Klondike. At the National Irrigation Congress at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, it was stated: "The bone and sinew of the Mississippi Valley have been moving into Western Canada for the past four years to find farms and fortunes."

Rumor has it that it was thrifty Mormon refugees from Salt Lake who made the first successful winter-wheat experiment, an experiment destined to revolutionize the Province and change the whole face of a country larger than that of the German Empire. Bread for the nations!

It is hard to get outsiders to grasp the full significance of what this wheat-growing possibility has meant and means for Western Canada. The discovery has made Alberta and the Last West generally the scene of the most wonderful economic trek this world has ever seen.

One quotes facts doubtfully, remembering Stevenson's warning. "The word 'facts' is," he says, "in some ways crucial. I have spoken with Jesuits and Plymouth Brethren, mathematicians and poets, dogmatic republicans and dear old gentlemen in bird's-eye neckcloths; and each understands the word 'facts' in an occult sense of his own." Still, undeterred by the warning, I will cull from the Dominion official statistical returns just one statement: "Last year in Canada ninety million bushels of wheat were grown on four million acres of land; and the average yield for the western provinces for the past ten years was twenty-two bushels to the acre."

William S. Jackson, a former president of the Chicago Board of Trade, says:

"The samples of red and white winter wheat from Alberta have been submitted to our large millers, to Chief Grain Inspector Smiley, to the expert buyers of our elevators, and, unofficially, to the grain committee of our board. It was the judgment of all that the wheat was exceptionally fine, and would grade number one in this market, which, commercially, is an almost unknown quality. Many here were aware that experiments in growing winter varieties of wheat had been made in the great Canadian Northwest, but few were aware of the results. The samples excited a good deal of interest."

Paying for the Land with the First Crop

IT IS not at all unusual for the farmer in Western Canada to pay for the land with the first crop and put buildings all over it with the second. Never in the world's history have the cultivators of virgin soil attained such a success at the outset.

And ever we come back to the pulsing heart of this great foothill country, fascinating Calgary. One can study on its streets London fashions and fat stock, prize horses

(Continued on Page 28)

Astokumi and Family, Sarcee Indians

Bow River Valley. Banff, Alberta. Where Calgary People Spend Their Summer Holidays

JACK SPURLOCK—

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In Which the Prodigal Escapes from Bondage and Meets a Benevolent Old Gentleman

Dear Uncle Bill:

I came to next morning with a shudder. When it's the day that a fellow's going to be married, or to bury a wealthy uncle who's made his will right, I suppose that he can wake up glad of it; but I've never been one to greet the rising sun with song. If I ever become head of a family I'm afraid I'll start the day by kicking Fido, spanking the twins, and saying impulsive things to Mrs. Spurlock. For when I come out of a long dreamless, it's not to remember that I'm to be Queen of the May, but that I'm It. For some people life is one long day before; for me it's one long morning after.

Standing up, a man's in position to fight, so his sins are careful how they come around finding him out; but lying down, he's defenseless. My troubles came at me from all sides, and soaked it to me till my conscience fairly ached. Proved yourself a bounder—lost Anita—fell down on your assignment—queered yourself with Sam and Jim—spoiled your last chance to get a job—wasted your Aunt Julia's legacy, and it was more than you could make in a thousand years—missed your supper—going to be turned out on the street to-day—starving—homeless—friendless—penniless—worthless—haven't overlooked a single one of the known ways of making a fool of yourself, have you? Thought up new ones, even! Regular Thomas A. Edison of damphoolishness, ain't you?

I dodged the question and turned over with a groan, only to find myself face to face with the ghosts of those fat days at college when we lived high and stood low; when we perfected ourselves in all the different ways of spending money, without learning a single way of earning it. I even yearned over my lost Chicago job as I thought of the luxury and pomp in which I could live now on twenty dollars a week. Could I ever again fool any one into giving me that princely sum for my services? Not unless I found a feeble-minded employer of the feeble-minded, and every one I'd struck so far had had at least sense enough not to want me.

What was it other men had, that I lacked, which enabled them to get jobs? What was it they could do, that I couldn't, for which they were paid real money? How did they manage to start out empty-handed and then come back to their boyhood homes leading caravans laden with rich stuffs and the coin in dray-loads? I felt a sickening certainty that I never could do it; that if I ever came back I'd be driving the dray. I saw myself first-assistant on an ash-cart, removing garbage, digging sewers, selling papers, doddering about the almshouse, being buried in the Potter's Field—and then going to Hell.

I squirmed over to the other side, away from this awful thought, and then went on to dramatize it. Alone in New York! Not a friend in that great city! Not a penny in his pocket! Midnight on Brooklyn Bridge! Alas! alas! and he so young and full of promise! Strew the roses and group the set-pieces tastily around the mound. At this climax of misery I gulped, swallowed my Adam's apple—it was the only breakfast fruit in sight—jumped out of bed, and made for the bathroom.

A shave and a dip cheered me mightily. By the time I was dressed and had packed my linen and my evening clothes in a suitcase, I had a plan of campaign mapped out. First, I must escape from the hotel. Sounds simple, so long as I didn't owe a dollar, but Napoleon's passage of the bridge of Lodi, or Teddy's assault on San Juan Hill, looked like buying fame at bargain rates beside walking out of a hotel without tipping a soul.

I fixed it firmly in my mind that if once I let my suitcase get out of my hands I was lost, and bolted for it. I fought my way down to the office, through hall-boys, elevator-boys and bell-boys who, at every step, leapt like tigers for my bag, some trying to wrest it from me by force, some to coax it away by guile, all solicitous lest I strain myself by so extraordinary an exertion, and reached the goal, flushed and uncomfortable, but victorious. There I gave up my room, explaining that I'd suddenly been called West, guarding my bag the while from attack by two boys who hovered on my flank. I arranged to have my trunk stored until called for, hoping that the porter wouldn't exert his full strength when he came to lift it, as it might fly up and hit him; for it was empty. This was purely a mental hope, though, and I didn't wait to verify it, but ran the gauntlet to the exit, brushed by the doorman without answering his solicitous "Cab, sir?" and found myself on the Avenue, disgraced, yet safe. I've heard that New York hotels keep a servant for every guest that they can accommodate. They must have kept fifty for me.

It was a solemn moment, but I was so delighted that the ordeal of getting out of the hotel was over that I felt nothing but elation. Tipping is undoubtedly a grave evil—when one doesn't tip. Something should be done to stop it, and the man who leads the way in this great reform will deserve a monument—and need one, too—for he'll starve to death. How vicious, how un-American some things seem when one can't afford to do them!

Treading the familiar primrose path to my little hock-shop on Sixth Avenue—so much of my stuff was hung up there that I really began to feel a proprietary interest in it—I commenced to plan breakfast, for at last I was going to eat again. Fatal mistake! to think of pleasure before business was concluded. The Hebrew, seeing my eagerness and divining my appetite, viewed my evening clothes with indifference, my dinner-suit with scorn, and my gold studs with contempt. Twenty-five dollars for the lot, and a bad lot it was. He looked at me significantly, not at the collateral.

"The Last Gent that had This Room Brought a Paper Collar and a Copy of the Clipper"

I took it, feeling mortified that I owned such pitiful rags, ashamed that I must descend to taking money which was advanced out of sheer goodness of heart, and put for the nearest restaurant. While the steak was cooking, I had two grapefruit, two orders of eggs, two pots of coffee and a little breakfast bacon. I wound up with waffles and maple syrup, gave the waiter a quarter, stuck a perfecto under my nose, and started out, sassy and snappy, to find a boarding-house.

All boarding-houses looked alike to me, for I'd never been in a New York one. A man had told me once that they were like whisky, only different, because, while they were all bad, some were worse than others. So I tackled the first house where I saw the sign "Rooms With Board" displayed, and asked the slovenly, but cheerful, female who answered the bell for the landlady, wondering the while what I should say when I was asked for references. The female looked me over, and answered: "I'm her. Step right in; I just happen to have a lovely room empty." She relieved me of my bag with a firmness which brooked no opposition, and led the way upstairs to a hall bedroom. Before I saw it I knew that I had taken it, and no back talk.

"I'm not quite sure how long my business will keep me in the city," I explained in a rather apologetic tone as I paid twenty dollars in advance for two weeks, "so I sha'n't send for my trunk just yet."

"Oh! that's all right," my landlady returned expansively, "so long as you pay in advance. The last gent that had this room brought a paper collar and a copy of the Clipper, and got along quite comfortable for a week. Called one his baggage and the other his library. Quite a josher, Mr. Wilkens was, but always the gentleman." Then, after telling me the hours for meals, she left me to settle myself in my new quarters.

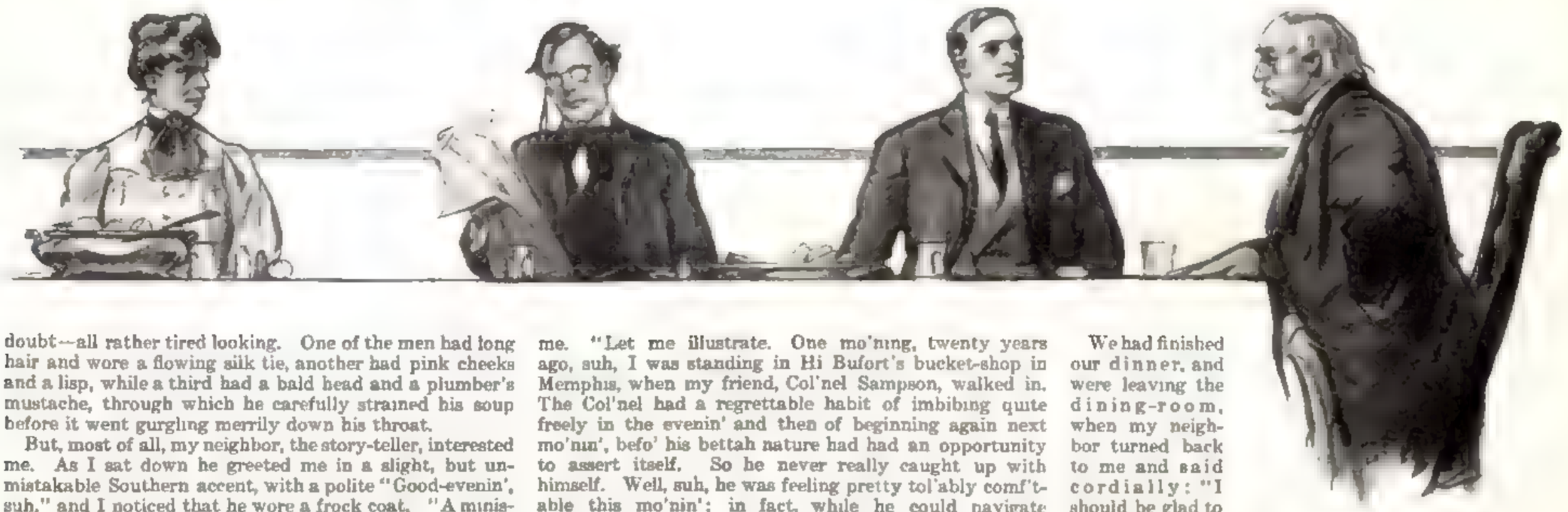
Well, I was almost broke again, but I was sure of a place to eat and sleep for two weeks at least, and that seemed pretty good to a fellow who'd never before looked further ahead than the next day. The goodness, though, was more in the idea than in the fact. In novels, there's always an atmosphere of decayed gentility about the boarding-house in which the poor hero lives. Well, this one had the decayed atmosphere, all right; but there was nothing genteel about it, and never had been. As I looked around my little room, with its dirty carpet and its cheap oak bed and washstand, I decided that any man who started life in such a room was a hero, all right, and that it was up to Carnegie to find him out and pin the largest medal in his collection on his breast. But Carnegie hasn't called yet.

Dinner was my first meal at the boarding-house, for I spent the day downtown in a fruitless search for work. It was slightly past the hour when I reached my room, so, after a hasty freshening up, I sniffed the nutritious atmosphere in the hall, and, catching a fresh scent of corned-beef and cabbage, followed the trail down to a basement dining-room. A yell of laughter greeted my entrance, and I hesitated in the doorway, angry and disconcerted, until I saw that no one was paying the slightest attention to me. The merriment had not been called forth by anything amusing in my appearance, as my vanity had feared, but by a story which a man sitting at the head of the table was just finishing. The only vacant chair in the room was beside him, and, rather awkwardly, for I felt that my fellow-boarders were taking my measure, I made my way to it.

Between sips of thin soup and bites of soggy bread, I returned their stares. There were half a dozen young women at the table, some pretty and pert, some pretty and peevish, one homely and good-hearted, no

PRODIGAL

CONTINUING LETTERS TO UNSUCCESSFUL MEN



doubt—all rather tired looking. One of the men had long hair and wore a flowing silk tie, another had pink cheeks and a lisp, while a third had a bald head and a plumber's mustache, through which he carefully strained his soup before it went gurgling merrily down his throat.

But, most of all, my neighbor, the story-teller, interested me. As I sat down he greeted me in a slight, but unmistakable Southern accent, with a polite "Good-evenin', suh," and I noticed that he wore a frock coat. "A minister," I thought. "They're all great story-tellers. Looks as if I were going to be under religious influences."

The next moment I modified that opinion, for I overheard my pretty neighbor on the other side saying: "Well, he fined me a day's pay for that, and when I asked him what was the use of bein' a show girl if he wouldn't give a fellow a fair show, he said he'd show *me* if he heard another word out of my yap. Then he put me in the back row, and me the best dancer in the bunch. And it was all Jen's jealousy! The idea of a human lard-pail like that thinkin' she can dance. Ain't she the pudge, though?"

That made me decide that the influences might be worldly, after all; but I was prepared to take them any way they came, just so I hadn't struck one of those joints where "we're all just one large family, you know." I haven't had much experience, but when any one springs that "just one large family" gag on me I know that she's going to renig on the grub, or be impertinently curious about my affairs, or insist on my joining young John D.'s Bible-class, or give me the worst of it someway. Ever since I was rusticated in my freshman year, and the Widow Jenkins made me welcome as a member of the family, and said she'd be a mother to me, and tried to be, and it cost the governor a thousand to settle Ysobel Jenkins' breach-of-promise suit, I've preferred to remain a cold and distant stranger.

At this point my diagnosis of the atmosphere's ailment was verified by the appearance of a New England boiled dinner, but it tasted better than its symptoms. Nothing short of dog would have discouraged my appetite. As we ate, I had an opportunity to scrutinize my neighbor more carefully. "Looks like Henry Ward Beecher," I decided at the first glance. "With a dash of H. H. Rogers and Buffalo Bill," I added at the second. One moment the lines around his eyes were those of a good-humored, easy-going man, who'd laughed his way through life, and every word that dropped from his lips was a lump of sugar. The next, as he warmed up to his subject, his face furrowed with the lines that a man gets from trouble and danger, and from facing both, and then the boom of battle sounded in his voice.

"Don't tell me, suh," he was saying to the man with the plumber's mustache. "Life's a gamble in this age of commercialism, and Fo'tune deals from a brace box. She's no longer blind, but cross-eyed, and she hoodoos every square man that sits in her game. What show have honesty and frugality, suh? What chance have you and I in business against the Spurlocks and the Harrimans? None, suh! I repeat it—none. No mo' than a Sunday-school teacher at the Brighton track. Not so much, suh; for even the veriest tyro at that noble spo't may occasionally pick a winnah. But, not content with nullifyin' the laws of business, the hell-houn's of the system have suspended the operation of the beneficent laws of chance."

It wasn't the language of the cloth.

"Just how have they managed to do that, sir?" I ventured.

"How, suh? How, suh?" and the Southerner transferred his attention to me. "Let me illustrate. One mo'ning, twenty years ago, suh, I was standing in Hi Bufort's bucket-shop in Memphis, when my friend, Col'nel Sampson, walked in. The Col'nel had a regrettable habit of imbibing quite freely in the evenin' and then of beginning again next mo'nin', befo' his bettah nature had had an opportunity to assert itself. So he never really caught up with himself. Well, suh, he was feeling pretty tol'ably comf't-able this mo'nin'; in fact, while he could navigate successfully, fo' he nevah lost control of his membahs, he could only just stuttah, and he saw double. Remarkable illustration of the compensations of Natchah, suh, that when a man loses the powah of speech he can see twice as much! Well, suh, the Col'nel walked up to the boa'd; tried to make out the quotations; couldn't; spread his legs apart; took deliberate aim, and expectorated at the list of stocks. A very ungen'manly trick, suh, I grant you; but perhaps a justifiable stratagem under the circumstances. Then he pointed to the spot on the boa'd—he had hit the L. & N. quotation, if I remembah rightly—and called out: 'Here you, Hi, buy me thousan' shash of thash,' and, by Geo'ge, suh, that stock never *did* stop going up. Made his everlasting fo'tune fo' him. Now, suh, could that happen under the present system?"

"Why," I admitted, "I don't just exactly see the connection."

"Don't see the connection, suh? It's perfectly plain. In those days speculation was a gentleman's game, with a fair spo'ting element in it. Now, suh, it's played with loaded dice, by a lot of sho't card men, who'd rob an intoxicated gentleman without the slightest compunctions. Do I make myself clear, suh?"

I was rather dazed by the Southerner's logic, but he carried it off with such fire and conviction that I could only murmur an assent—I hate fool arguments, anyway—and ask him if there were no remedy for this parlous state of affairs.

"Our honored President will find a way, suh," he returned with decision. "A great and good man, though not of my political faith. I have a most profound admiration for him, despite the unfortunate and ill-advised Booker T. Washington incident. He has my confidence, suh."

"I Reckon Day Didn't Like de Pictera, Boss'"

We had finished our dinner, and were leaving the dining-room, when my neighbor turned back to me and said cordially: "I should be glad to continue our conversation, if you will honah me with yo' company in my apartment, Mr.——," and he paused for me to supply the name.

"Spurlock, sir—Jack Spurlock," I answered. "I shall be delighted to accept your invitation."

"A name not unconnected with our topic," was his comment.

"If you mean money, it's quite unconnected with it in my person," I replied lightly.

"A lack we have in common, suh," he answered with a slight bow. "My name is Jackson—Majah Geo'ge Magoffin Jackson, suh, of Bowling Green, Kentucky."

"A soldier, Major?"

"Of the late unpleasantness, suh; but now of Fo'tune, or perhaps mo' accurately, of Misfo'tune."

"Brothers in arms," I laughed, and that was how my friendship with the Major began.

He had a bully, big room, though it was shabbily furnished, and a trunk, which seemed very grand and opulent to me. He planted me in the easiest chair, gave me a real cigar and brought out a bottle of Bourbon. "Say when, suh," he requested as he began to pour.

"I'll take mine with water, if you please," I interrupted.

The Major set down the bottle and hunted up a tumbler.

"A degenerate age," he commented sadly. "An era of dilution—watered honah; watered stocks; watered whisky. I beg yo' pa'don, suh; I meant nothing personal."

"Don't mind me, Major," I replied cheerfully. "I guess you've called it," and I lifted my glass.

The Major raised his, inclined it toward me and tossed off his drink with, "Yo' health, suh." There was no concession to the spirit of the age on his part, either before or after the operation. He took his straight.

I set mine down untasted. For as I smelt the whisky I decided that I didn't want it, and that it was plain foolishness at this stage of the game to take on a habit which most employers didn't seem to like. Then, too, for several days I'd been wondering vaguely whether there mightn't be some rewards handed out nearer than Heaven for this Be-good business. An old hand at virtue would have reformed either before or after accepting the drink, but my good resolutions are nothing if not *de trop*.

The Major, seeing that I was slighting his liquor, promptly resented the implied reflection on its quality.

"Have no fears, suh," he explained a little stiffly. "It's from home, and the best that the old State can do." Drinking Kentucky whisky was a sacred rite with him, and not to be treated lightly.

"It isn't that," I answered, rather shamefacedly; "but I'm up against it now, and I don't believe that it's good business to drink under the circumstances. In fact, I think I'll cut it out for keeps."

"A wise decision," the Major returned. "I admiah, I honah you fo' it," and he dismissed the subject with a flourish. I yearned to explain further, for I could see plainly that he thought I had a weakness for rum. But I refrained, realizing the hopelessness of making a man of the Major's training understand that there could be any reason, except a depraved

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The Coming Parliament of Man

As Seen from the Capitals of Europe. IV—Vienna

By WILLIAM T. STEAD

"THEY call us visionaries and Utopians," I said to Baron Lexa d'Æhrenthal, the Minister of Austria-Hungary, as I took leave of him in the Foreign Office at Vienna, "because we believe in the coming of the United States of Europe and afterward of the United States of the World. But when we look at what you have accomplished in creating and maintaining the United States of Austria-Hungary, we see that we have no reason for discouragement. Our task will not be so difficult as yours."

The Minister-President smiled as he replied:

"So we are an encouragement to you! Even our difficulties! But I believe implicitly in the future of Austria-Hungary. And it may be that what we have done you also may accomplish on a vaster scale."

Still Carries on Business at the Old Stand

Baron d'Æhrenthal, the Minister-President of the complex congeries of heterogeneous nationalities called Austria-Hungary, is new to his post. Before he was summoned to succeed Count Goluchowski as director of the foreign policy of the Empire Kingdom, he had served for some years as Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. "Always do the comparative"—Cecil Rhodes' maxim—is easier to practice when the comparative is brought into vivid prominence by a sudden change of scene. Great as are the difficulties of Austria-Hungary, they are as nothing to those which confront the sovereign to whom Baron d'Æhrenthal was recently accredited. He was in St. Petersburg on Red Sunday, when Father Gapon led his followers to the slaughter, and he remained there till after the Black Week, when the strikers plunged the capitals of the Empire into the blackness of outer darkness. Yet, even as to Russia, Baron d'Æhrenthal was by no means without hope. He has implicit confidence in the unshakeable determination of the Czar to transform Russia into a constitutional state, despite all the tremendous dangers of the period of transition. And, as this determination of the Czar is acquiesced in by every responsible statesman in Russia, there is reason to hope that if the party of progress will but be content to walk before it runs, and to run before it flies, a strong, free, modern constitutional state will emerge from the seething caldron into which the old autocratic system has been flung by the stern but beneficent Fates of Revolution and War.

At the Russian Embassy at Vienna I received a letter from Monsieur Isvoltsky, the Foreign Minister of the Czar, which led me to abandon my original intention of revisiting Russia on this round. His Majesty sent me his kind appreciation of my labors, and cordially wished me every success. But Monsieur Isvoltsky added that, owing to the excessive preoccupation of the Emperor in the pressing business of state, it was practically impossible to appoint a date in advance for my reception. Imperial engagements are usually fixed too far in advance to admit of the sudden interpolation of an audience to a visitor who is making a flying tour around the continent. The same difficulty rendered it impossible for me, as Baron d'Æhrenthal informed me, to see the Emperor-King in the two days that remained after he had received my memorial. Monsieur Isvoltsky was good enough to say that he would be delighted to see me, and have a talk over the above question, but as I have never yet been to Russia without having a talk with a Czar, I decided to postpone my visit until a more convenient season. I would meet Monsieur Martens in Berlin, and from him I would learn all that I could ascertain in St. Petersburg.

Monsieur Martens, or, to give him his full title as it appears on his visiting-card, "Monsieur de Martens, Permanent Member of the Council of Ministers for Foreign Affairs of Russia and Member of the Institute of France," is at present the most important factor in the situation. When I asked Baron d'Æhrenthal for his views on this subject or on that, the answer was always the same: "I am waiting for the arrival of Monsieur de Martens, who will bring me the latest information as to the proposed modifications of the conference program. Until he comes I can neither appoint my committees of examination nor select my delegates." Monsieur Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, being questioned in Paris, in like manner points to the mission of Monsieur de Martens and evades a direct answer. Everything, therefore, depends for the moment upon Monsieur de Martens and his mission to the Courts of Europe. I have had a long talk with this eminent Russian envoy and am very well satisfied with the prospect.

Long years ago I named Monsieur de Martens the "Chief Justice of Christendom," and the sobriquet, being well deserved, has never been forgotten. For twenty years this distinguished man has been recognized as absolutely indispensable, not merely by his own government, but by all other governments wherever any international work was to be done or any international arbitration arranged. He has been nominated arbitrator in no fewer than seven international arbitrations. His honesty, his impartiality, his sagacity have been recognized by every government with which he has had to do. In arranging the programs and in carrying through the business of international conferences, he has had more experience than any living man. He was a leading spirit, although then a junior, at the Brussels Conference of 1874. He was the master mind at The Hague Conference in 1899. He is now intrusted by the Czar with the task of arranging the preliminary program of the conference that is to meet at The Hague this year. The task could not have been intrusted to any better hands. Monsieur de Martens is eminently qualified for acting the part of "honest broker" between the opposing parties, whose difference of opinion has hitherto led to some delay in summoning the conference.

These differences I found more accentuated at Vienna than at any other capital which I had visited. In opposition to the strongly-expressed convictions of the English, American and Italian Governments, it is held, in quarters where German influences predominate, that the conference should be strictly limited to questions arising out of a state of belligerency. To discuss either a "standstill" or a limitation or a reduction of armaments, it is maintained, would be to foist upon a conference summoned for one purpose, upon which agreement is possible, the consideration of another and much larger subject, on which agreement is admittedly impossible. The invitations to the conference as originally issued by Russia and accepted by the other Powers were invitations to discuss a definite program, strictly limited to certain questions of belligerency. To force upon such a conference the consideration of other questions vast, vague and impracticable is monstrous.

To these objections the following answers are forthcoming. The original initiative in calling the conference proceeded from America. The right to issue formal invitations was conceded of courtesy to the Czar, as the convener of the first conference of The Hague. President Roosevelt acted at the suggestion of the Interparliamentary Union, which met at St. Louis. The aim of that Union is clearly defined. It desired a larger program, including the discussion of armaments and the extension of arbitration. If the original program drawn up by Russia excluded these subjects, that was due solely to the preoccupation of the public mind during wartime with questions of belligerency. The program was drawn up while the war between Russia and Japan was still raging. It was approved by the Czar a few days after peace had been signed at Portsmouth.

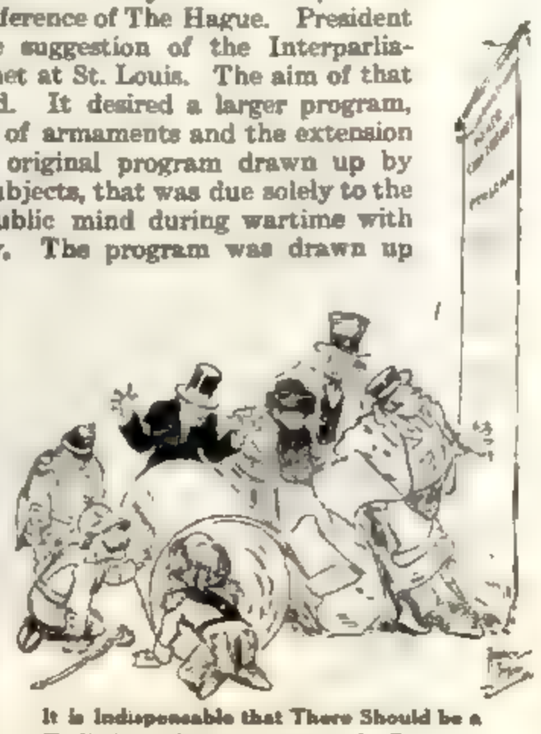
But much has happened since then. The questions of contraband of war and rights of neutrals and the capture of private property at sea have receded into the background. The return of the Liberals to power in England has created a new international situation. New hopes have arisen in the hearts of the peoples. The Interparliamentary Union last year, meeting at Westminster, reaffirmed its desire to have armaments and arbitrations discussed at the conference.

It is believed that all the Powers are willing to consent to the extension of the original program with the exception of Germany, whose assent is at this moment still to seek. It is monstrous to deny to the Parliament of the World liberty to discuss armaments because Germany objects. This is a new and a worse form of the *Liberum veto* which paralyzed the Polish Diet and contributed to the ruin and dismemberment of the Polish Kingdom.

Between these opposing views Monsieur de Martens has to pick his way. It is true that Russia is the author of the original program, but then the Czar was also the originator of the idea which England, America and Italy have now made their own. What it was so urgently necessary to discuss in 1899 cannot be ruled out as unfit for discussion in 1907, when the burden of armaments has risen by hundreds of millions. Monsieur de Martens, who was present at all the discussions of the last conference, is perfectly familiar with the difficulties of the question, as well as with the special objections taken by Germany. He can be trusted to act his part to perfection. Should he succeed in reconciling the two opposing tendencies, he will have added one more wreath to his many laurels, and render absolutely inexcusable any further delay on the part of the Norwegian committee in awarding him the Nobel prize. It should have been his by right, years ago, but the prejudice against Russians weighed too strongly with the kinsmen of the Finns to permit them to recognize his claims.

It is indispensable that there should be a preliminary agreement as to the program. At most conferences, notably at the famous Berlin Congress of 1878, everything has been rehearsed beforehand. But for such agreements in advance, conferences would break up in confusion almost as soon as they met. The Hague Conference of 1899 had its program, but it was so vague and general that most of the delegates expected it would result in nothing. That out of the chaos came order, and that the conference actually did something, is to this day regarded by most of its delegates as a modern miracle, upon the repetition of which it would not be well to count, especially if the element of popular pressure from below be not constantly in evidence in 1907 as it was in 1899.

The one hope of success is that the fear of the people should constantly be present in the minds of their rulers. It is the effective working secular substitute for the fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom. Here in Austria we have the most striking manifestation of the triumph of democracy that has been witnessed of recent years. The day after I arrived in the Austrian capital the finishing touches were given in Parliament to the law conferring the suffrage upon every Austrian male of twenty-five years of age who has resided six months in any electoral district. All the complicated series of franchises which heretofore prevailed in Austria to secure the ascendency of the middle classes and the influence of the nobles have been swept away at a stroke. The number of members in the Reichsrath has been raised from four hundred and twenty-five to five hundred and sixteen. And this astonishing revolution has been practically forced upon a most reluctant feudal aristocracy by the will of the Emperor. The oldest and most experienced sovereign in Europe, representing a dynasty beside which that of the Hohenzollerns is but a mushroom of the morning, has, by his own immense personal ascendency, established the principle of universal suffrage as the basis of the throne of the Hapsburgs.



It is Indispensable that There Should be a Preliminary Agreement as to the Program

The mere recapitulation of the titles of his Apostolic Imperial Majesty helps by the sonorous roll-call of dignities to suggest the complexity of the compote of nationalities and races over which he reigns and the aggregate of monarchical capital that is vested in the personal trust which has this year placed itself in the hands of the democracy. The list as it appears in the Almanach de Gotha, that indispensable companion of all who frequent the Courts and Cabinets of Europe, runs as follows:

Franz Josef the First; Charles, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, of Dalmatia, of Croatia, of Slavonia,

Strong Aeroplanes Will Tow Cylindrical Balloons

of Galicia, of Lodomeric and of Ilyria, King of Jerusalem, etc., Archduke of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany and of Cracow, Duke of Lorraine, of Salzburg, of Styria, of Carinthia, of Carniola and of Bukovina, Grand Prince of Transylvania, Margrave of Moravia, Duke of Higher Silesia and of Lower Silesia, of Modena, Parma, Plaisance and Guastalla, of Auschwitz and Zator, of Teschen, Frioul, Ragusa and Zara, Princely Count of Hapsburg and Tyrol, of Kybourg, Goritz and Gradisca, Prince of Trente and Brixen, Margrave of High and of Low Lusace and in Istria, Count of Hohenembs, Feldkirck, Brigance, Sonnenberg, etc., Seigneur of Trieste, Cattaro and of the Wendish March, Grand Voyvode of Servia, etc.

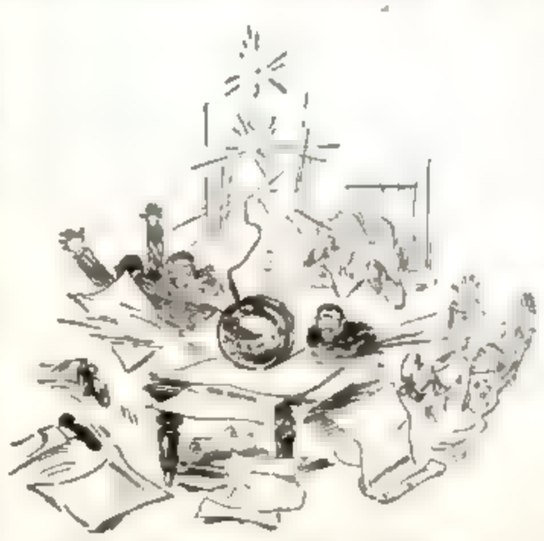
It reads like a list of the concerns amalgamated in the Standard Oil Company.

The Emperor, who is nine times King, once Archduke, twice Grand Duke and eleven times Duke, to say nothing of being Margrave, Count, Voyvode, Seigneur, etc., etc., is the man who has established universal suffrage in Austria in the midst of the misgivings of his nobles and the alarm of many of those who have been the chief supporters of his throne.

The Emperor-King is one of those who take their profession seriously. He is the lynch-pin of the whole machine, and he knows it. If he were to drop out there are some who fear that Austria-Hungary would go to pieces. But, although he is seventy-seven years old, he is so hale and hearty that people say there is no reason why he should not last another dozen years yet. Called to the throne when but a boy of eighteen, in the midst of the revolutionary earthquake of 1848, he has now reigned for fifty-nine years, and is still recognized as the indispensable man. He toils wearilessly at the laboring oar. Like the King of Italy, he rises with the lark. He is out of bed by four in the morning, being with his papers by five, and receives his Ministers at half-past seven. He does not play at being monarch. He is not an orator like the Kaiser, nor a mystic like the Czar. He is the man of business, who sticks to business, and although he has been driven out of Germany by one war and out of Italy by two, he has extended his dominions in the Balkans, and still carries on business at the old stand.

That such a man at such a time should have deemed it necessary to make a plunge into universal suffrage is significant indeed.

As to the results which will follow this leap into the dark, no one can speak with certainty. It appears to be clear that the German Liberal element will be weakened, that the Poles will come back stronger than ever, that there will be a peasants' party in the Reichsrath, as in the Douma, and that the Socialists and Clericals will be strongly reënforced. There are some who declare that the Clericals and Socialists, or Clerical-Socialists of Doctor Lueger's type, will govern the Empire for the next four years, and that they will be succeeded in turn by a Socialist majority pure and simple. Such, it need hardly be said, is not the calculation of the Emperor. It is hoped that the members chosen by universal suffrage will be more loyal to the Emperor than those elected by the middle classes, and that the acrimonious jealousy of the various nationalities may disappear in the presence of a wider spirit of imperial patriotism. Amid all these conflicting prognostications, one thing appears to be quite clear. After universal suffrage, Austria will be more of a Slavonic state than she was before—more Slavonic, and also more democratic.



It Will Shed a New Light on the Question

There is some reason to believe that one, at least, of the motives which led the Emperor to take up universal suffrage was the desire to "dish the Whigs," to use Disraeli's old phrase, not so much in Austria as in Hungary. The Magyars, who number about nine and a half millions out of the eighteen million inhabitants of Hungary, have hitherto ruled the roost at Budapest. They have heretofore been equally anxious to hold their own against Vienna, and to maintain their ascendency over a minority almost equal to their own in numbers. By committing himself to universal suffrage, Franz Josef, Emperor in Austria, King in Hungary, has at once made a bold bid for the support of the non-Magyar minority and dealt a heavy blow against the Magyar domination. For the moment the Independence Party which is in power is somewhat puzzled as to how to counter this bold move from Vienna. It does not like to concede universal suffrage, but its hand has practically been forced by the sovereign. Yielding with such grace as it can, it is at present studying out schemes by which it may retain, under the new suffrage, the ascendency it has hitherto possessed. Much may be done by judicious gerrymandering of the constituencies, and something also by insisting upon educational tests, after the familiar fashion of the Southern States of America. It is, however, improbable that they will go so far as to demand a knowledge of the Magyar language as a condition of the suffrage. Even without this, one of the Hungarian Ministers told me he thought that the Chamber elected under the new suffrage would be as like its predecessor as two peas in the same pod.

When I visited Budapest I saw for the first time the quaint spectacle of two flags flying from the same flagstaff. The larger flag that flew aloft was the flag of Hungary. The smaller flag that flew below was the flag of Croatia. It is the law that whenever business affecting both Hungary and Croatia is before Parliament, both Hungarian and Croatian flags must fly over the Parliament House. It was an outward and visible symbol of the diversity in unity that is distinctive of the United States of Austro-Hungary. "If you make your flagstaff longer, you can also hang out the Roumanian, Slovak, German, Ruthenian and Italian flags," I remarked to Count Apponyi, the Hungarian Minister of Education. "No," said he, "there is a Croatia as well as Croatians. But, although there are Hungarian subjects who speak Roumanian, Slovak and the other languages, there are no separate states within our frontiers entitled to recognition as distinct entities with a flag of their own."

Of these nationalities the Roumanians, who are about two millions in number and are the strongest, both in material development and in the political support they enjoy from the Roumanian Kingdom, are the chief antagonists of the Magyars. With them usually act the Slovaks, who are poor and uneducated. The Magyars will find it necessary to secure the support of the Croats and the Germans if they are to hold their own. The game of politics all over the world is much the same, and the bosses of American cities would find themselves thoroughly at home among the wire-pullers of Vienna and Budapest. Even the languages of these European lands would not be unfamiliar. But, as yet, no Polish or Bohemian or Roumanian precinct in New York or Chicago has developed any ambition to develop into a State with a flag and a nationality of its own. The Stars and Stripes suffice for all the immigrants, who are too loyal to the new flag to desire to fly one of their own. But in the Old World it is different, and this difference is vital.

The more closely one studies the existing difficulties which confront modern statesmen and European populations, the more convinced do we become that the creation of a universal key-language is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of human society in its present state of development. In Hungary, with its eighteen millions of human beings, there are no fewer than seven distinct languages spoken by as many different groups, no one of which is intelligible to the others. The adoption of any one of these seven languages as the key-language would be resented by those speaking the other six, as treason to their mother tongue.

The only key-language that has any chance of adoption is one that must have no nationality of its own to arouse the jealousy of rivals—that is to say, it must either be the language of a dead nationality or an artificial language constructed with no national basis. Against dead languages there is the objection that they do not contain words descriptive of modern life. They are also difficult to master. Various efforts have been made to create a key-language of late years. All have failed but one. Esperanto holds the field. Its flag, green with a white star, excites no national rivalries. Being a creation of our own times, its vocabulary includes the latest inventions of the twentieth century in the way of word-making. It is simple, regular and logical. Moreover, it has already made its way into every land. I found enthusiastic Esperantists in Budapest. The advantages of Esperanto were blazoned forth on the walls of modern Rome, and descanted upon by Monsignori at the College de Propaganda Fide. When once it is adopted as the key-language of the world, the drudgery of mastering three or four languages now inflicted on the children of many of the smaller states will finally disappear.

At Budapest I attended a sitting of the Hungarian Parliament, lunched with Count Apponyi, the Minister of Education, discussed aeroplanes with Monsieur Kossuth, Minister of Commerce, and talked with Monsieur Wekerle, the Prime Minister, about the conference and its program. In the evening I had tea with Monsieur Vambery, the veteran Orientalist, and later I met the leading workers for peace at supper. I was glad to find that the Hungarian Cabinet had unanimously adopted the resolutions passed by the Interparliamentary Union at its last meeting in Westminster. These resolutions demand that the conference should deal with the questions of armament and arbitration. Count Apponyi, the leading member of the Hungarian group, is well known in America. He regretted much that the pressure of the responsibilities of office rendered it impossible for him to accept Mr. Carnegie's invitation to the opening of the Pittsburg Institute.

The adhesion of the Hungarian Cabinet to the English-American demand for an enlarged program paralyzes the possible opposition of Baron d'Æhrenthal. According to the constitution of the Empire-Kingdom, the attitude of Austria-Hungary is decided by the Minister-President in consultation with the Prime Ministers of Austria and of Hungary. They both must concur in whatever policy is adopted. If either of them dissents, joint action becomes impossible. In the present case, Hungary, by allying herself with Italy, secures at least the neutrality of Austria. If Baron de Beck, the Prime Minister of Austria, should oppose the enlargement of the program, that would not be enough to secure Austrian support for the German policy. Monsieur Wekerle and the Hungarian Cabinet, by taking a decided tone in favor of the enlarged program, have practically decided the question. Of the four governments represented in the Triple Alliance, two are definitely committed to the English-American line, and two are more or less indefinitely in opposition.

In 1899 Austria Played Second Fiddle

I asked Baron d'Æhrenthal whether he would follow Count Andrássy's example of 1878, and go himself as delegate of Austria-Hungary, if the program were enlarged and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were to go as British delegate. He said that he feared he had too much to do. The talk in Vienna is that the first Austrian delegate will be Count Merey de Kapos Mere, who was second at The Hague in 1899. Professor Lammasch, an admirable man, will also probably return to The Hague as an Austrian delegate. In 1899 Austria played second fiddle to Germany, hardly daring to call her soul her own. This year it is thought that she will take a more independent line.

When in Vienna I called upon Mr. Francis, the American Ambassador, who is installed in one of the houses associated with one of the most pitiful and tragic stories of modern times. There is nothing either pitiful or tragic about Mr. Francis. He is comfortable and complacent, as is natural to a man who has twice broken the record of succeeding his father as American representative at the same foreign court. But although born in the purple—to apply a familiar phrase—no homespun policeman could display a keener interest in American politics than does the successor to Mr. Storer, whose devotion to Mr. Roosevelt is enough to fill up and overflow any deficiencies in that respect in his predecessor.

At Budapest, as at Vienna and Rome, I found that the question of the future of the aeroplane interested the leading spirits much more than the program of The Hague Conference—and with reason. If the aeroplane fulfills even one-half of the sanguine expectations of its projectors, it is not armaments, but the collapse of armaments, which will preoccupy the attention of the Parliaments of Man.

In my previous letter I referred to the views of the King of Italy on the subject. Victor Emmanuel II, it may be said, is a young man full of his first enthusiasms, and no expert. Baron d'Æhrenthal is not a young man, but an experienced diplomatist and statesman, who has for the last few years of his life been cooling his judgment in the somewhat cynical and icy atmosphere of St. Petersburg. He is now the responsible Minister-President of Austria-Hungary, one of the six great Powers of Europe. But on the subject of aeroplanes and the effect which they will have upon the military and naval armaments of the world

(Concluded on Page 28)

THE MAYFAIR ACCOUNT

By WILL PAYNE

She Asked About Mary and the Children

MR. PLACEY had a proper pride in the new building of the Treasury Bank. No expense had been spared. All was of pure marble. The glass in the great skylight was yellow, but the color was lost upon the white surfaces below. Marble slabs, to serve as benches for office boys or waiting customers, stood at intervals about the large banking-room. Sympathetic spectators half expected to see sheeted corpses laid out on these slabs. Architectural scoffers, indeed, called Mr. Placey's chaste monument "the morgue" and "the sarcophagus"—it looked so white and cold.

The president's private office had tapestried walls, heavily gilded ceilings and rich rugs. Entering it, one of the English visitors mechanically rubbed his hands together like a person absorbing grateful warmth after a chill. This office opened upon a quarterdeck occupied by the executive staff, from which a fine sweep of marble steps led down to the general banking-office. Behind the marble counters, and in the gallery overhead, the force of clerks toiled. At a quarter past eight the first mail arrived, in big sacks. Messengers fell upon it, ripping the envelopes with slim, steel blades, sorting the contents with nimble fingers. At ten o'clock batches of checks on a dozen big banks were sent out, to lighten the work at the clearing house. The clearing-house squad took the last second, and went at a trot, lugging fifteen millions of paper. A glut of business flowed across the virgin counters. Tellers raked in stacks of checks and slapped out corded bundles of banknotes.

What the maw received the stomach must digest. Rows of bookkeepers, perched at high desks, worked like so many admirable automatons. All must be vised, assorted, entered, distributed, balanced—and all on the minute.

It was this complex, yet most economical, digestive apparatus that Wakefield, an assistant cashier, explained to the English visitors. President Placey was proud of the organization; but he confessed that Wakefield knew far more about the details than he did, and he followed along at the tail of the party, stroking his long mustache and complacently absorbing the Englishmen's admiration.

They had made the tour of the gallery and two sides of the parallelogram below. To see thirty thousand items, all meaning money, handled with such accuracy and despatch was quite interesting. The lord paused, with indulgent curiosity, beside the end of a stout, wire cage. Three men occupied it. In the third the lord recognized an Englishman—rather stout, with a round, chubby face, a red mustache and a shock of light hair worn pompadour; an ordinary-looking person, and middle-aged. He sat at a desk. In his left hand, as one might hold an oversized deck of cards, he held a thick bundle of checks of various sizes and colors. His right hand, with so steady a motion that it looked perfectly mechanical, dealt the checks into a box with three compartments.

"He's paying the checks, as we call it," Wakefield explained. "When a check is presented at the counter to be cashed, the paying-teller, of course, passes on the genuineness of the signature. But the bulk of our checks come in from the clearing house. Those are brought to this man, and he passes on the genuineness of the signatures. When he drops a check in that box, therefore, the signature is accepted and the check is paid."

"And what amount, now, goes through his hands in a day?" the lord inquired.

"Oh, I suppose it averages ten millions," Wakefield replied, offhand.

His lordship seemed to find it quite interesting, and lingered a moment, although the assistant cashier had turned half away. The man in the cage had not moved his head, nor varied in any degree that steady, mechanical motion of his right hand. His eyes were fixed on the lower right-hand corner of the pack. As he slipped off one check the signature on the next sprang into view.

The lord's son seemed to have been calculating. "Over two million pounds a day," he announced. "And what wages does he get for that?"

Naturally the check-payer heard, but he showed no sign of it. Mr. Placey looked inquiringly at Wakefield. "A hundred and twenty dollars a month," said the assistant cashier, and nervously twisted his mustache.

Again the son made a computation. "Twenty-two pounds," he said. "That's not so bad. How long has he been doing it?"

The assistant cashier moved restlessly on his feet. "Eight years," he said tersely. The son gathered that the question some way annoyed him, and politely dropped the subject.

Back at his own station on the quarterdeck, his task of guide and expositor discharged, Wakefield bowed stiffly to the visitors. The lord and the eminent commoner nodded good-naturedly. The honorable son fumbled a bit, but shook hands. They followed Mr. Placey to his private office. It happened that nobody was waiting at the assistant cashier's desk, and for a moment Wakefield hesitated, his hand on the back of the chair. An impulse to return to the cage and speak to Lowndes was upon him. But a customer appeared and he sat down.

Lowndes himself had paid no attention to the visitors People like that were always drifting through, admiring the big machine of human cogs. Without looking up he had, however, been perfectly aware of Wakefield. When the visitors were gone, as before, he dealt his checks machine-like. Then a hitch occurred. The brown slip of paper that looked at him from the top of the pack was signed Thomas N. Mayfair. The signature was right. He saw that at a glance. Yet his arm paused. He looked at the amount of the check—seven thousand dollars; at the payee—a firm of stock-brokers. He even whipped it over and looked at the indorsement. These details were none of his business. He dropped the check into the box and dealt on.

The Treasury Bank provided luncheon for its staff. Almost invariably Lowndes went down at a quarter past twelve. To-day, however, he spoke to the other assistant to the paying-teller, and arranged to go at a quarter to one. He loitered in the lavatory, and, as he had calculated, encountered Wakefield.

The two men were very unlike. Seeing Lowndes' heavy person and round face, one would expect his trousers to bag and his coat to wrinkle in just that hopelessly-commonplace manner. Wakefield was of about the same age—that is, in the early forties—but tall, slim, straight and trig; handsome, with hair almost white, a thin, eager, colorless face, dark eyes and a pointed mustache almost black. He looked alert, competent, brilliant even, and with a sharp air of success.

"Hello, Tommy!" he sang out gayly. "You're a pretty Britisher. Why didn't you jump up and salaam when I brought a lord around to look at you?"

"I didn't know it was a lord," Lowndes replied. He was a good deal of a duffer at a joke. But, as they walked across to the stairs that led to the dining-room—Wakefield looking down into his face and laughing—he had nerves that felt the assistant cashier's nearness and his high-strung, dashing, genial atmosphere. He stopped at the head of the stairs.

"What do you think of the stock market, Dave?" he asked gravely.

Wakefield stooped a little, his dark eyes intimately questioning and probing the other's heavy face. It was a gunpowdery sort of subject within the walls of the Treasury Bank. Every one knew that Mr. Placey would not tolerate any dabbling in stocks by his subordinates of the lesser ranks. His own great and well-known operations on the Exchange were decidedly not dabblings.

Again Lowndes was not so dull but that he could see in Wakefield's eyes a moment's hesitation and weighing as to whether he should answer as an assistant cashier to a clerk or as himself to the man who had been his chum twenty years before. He answered to the one-time chum:

"Why, this little money pinch can't last. Here it is the middle of June. The big men have got the stocks. You'll see this market shoot up twenty points in a week." He stooped a little lower. "You in it, Tommy?"

There was something in the light, velvety touch of the voice that hurt the clerk. It subtly offered something.

"I wish you were as far out of it as I am, Dave," he replied, very soberly, with commonplace stubbornness.

"Oh, I'm always out," said Wakefield with a laugh, and went nimbly down the steps. With a half-thought as nimble as his feet he justified himself. Lowndes was one of those hopelessly plodding persons that you couldn't possibly do much with or for. So why bother?

"I Want to be a Rich Man"

II

AT FIVE o'clock Lowndes was strolling leisurely up Broadway with his hands behind his back. Every fair day for twelve years he had strolled up Broadway just like that. Perhaps it was the trick of putting his hands behind his back that made him look alien to the scene. He turned to Washington Square. There the grass, trees and bit of open space helped one to feel more strongly the genial oncoming of summer, and he walked even more leisurely, going diagonally across the square.

The street into which he turned was not in first-rate condition. The flat building that he entered had a dingy and time-worn look. He climbed the stairs deliberately—four flights, and narrow—and let himself into a tiny hall. This gave to a tiny sitting-room, connected with a tiny parlor by an arch, ornamented with grille-work. From the front window, however, by leaning over, one could get a very nice view of a corner of the square.

An eighteen-year-old boy lay on his stomach in the parlor, extending pretty well across the room, supporting his head on his hand and scowling down at his Virgil.

Lowndes sat down smiling and reached for the book. The boy surrendered it and gave himself up to his fate. Lowndes began quizzing him on the lesson. Mathematics came easy to the boy, but the Latin was an agony.

The lord's honorable son was mistaken in his ideas about the twenty-two pounds a month. For this high and small flat they paid forty dollars monthly, and it was only on the ragged edge of presentability. Rents had risen faster than bank salaries. Now that the children were getting so big Billy eighteen and Bessie twelve—to maintain themselves here on the edge meant a nicety in balancing the household budget that was really a fine art. They had to plan so that not more than two of the four would need new winter wraps the same year.

Billy was finishing the high school this month. The boy, Lowndes thought, had the making of a first-rate engineer. Sending him to a first-class technical school was a pretty stiff undertaking. But the father's heart was set upon it. He himself had had "advantages." His idea of his own responsibility was that the family must not, through him, slip down to a permanently lower plane. To his view, giving Billy a good education was the test of whether it had slipped. Back of them the neighborhood slumped rapidly into confessed poverty. What lay in that direction was always more or less in the father's and mother's minds.

Promotions and salary adjustments at the Treasury Bank were commonly made the fifteenth of July. It was an open secret that the paying-teller would move up, and either Lowndes or the other assistant would get the place. At any rate, Lowndes was entitled to an increase of pay.

Wakefield had charge of the clerical force. It mostly lay with him to say who should be promoted and whose pay should be increased. Twenty years before, in their Canadian town, Lowndes and Wakefield had been chums. When the Lowndes moved to New York, Wakefield, then only an assistant to a teller himself, had been very friendly with them. But he had climbed up. His pretty American wife was even more ambitious than himself. The old social connection had long ceased. In order to climb expeditiously it is well to keep one's eyes turned steadily upward—never to look down. Lowndes himself appreciated this philosophically, without resentment. At the same time his wife was all the dearer because on his account she resented it so loyally.

It had been a good deal of a struggle for them, and he was perfectly aware that her cheer and courage and humor had counted for most. This evening was one of the rare times when he was aware of something else—namely, the fine wrinkles at the corners of her eyes; the line over her mouth, more deeply bitten in. She sat beside him—small and slim and dark-eyed and undaunted.

"I want to talk to you, Tommy." It was seldom that she was so grave. "Dave Wakefield has turned his back on you and thrown you down. Don't you see that he will try to justify himself. He will say to himself: 'Tommy Lowndes is no good; I've been right in keeping him down.' So he will give the teller's place to Rogers, and he'll not advance your pay, dear. I feel sure of it. You know how much it means to us, Tommy. I don't see how we can manage the school for Billy without at least twenty dollars more a month. You're entitled to it over and over again. But you'll not get it if you sit still and let Dave Wakefield step on you. I want you to promise me to go straight to Mr. Placey; put the case before him. You said last spring that you would do it unless you were satisfied Dave was going to treat you fairly. Here it is only a month away and he hasn't said a word. Go to Mr. Placey—for my sake, and Billy's."

This was not the way she usually talked to him, and it cut deep.

"I can't go to Mr. Placey now, Mary," he answered helplessly.

"Can't, Tommy? He is our one boy."

"I can't, Mary. I'll tell you. Some time ago an account was opened with the bank in the name of Thomas N. Mayfair. I've looked it up and found that Dave introduced the account. At first the signature was carefully disguised; but even then I recognized something odd about it. Of late he's grown more careless. The other day it came to me as plain as print. Dave himself is Thomas N. Mayfair. It's his hand. The bank don't want any of its under officers speculating. So Dave has hid his tracks by operating through this bogus Mayfair account. The market has been going down steadily, and he's been losing. Every day a Mayfair check comes in—for round amounts. In his position there are plenty of ways for him to take the bank's money."

She stared at him, awed. He took her hand.

"I'm taking the bank's wages, and would be supposed to go to Mr. Placey with what I've found out. So long as I don't go to him with that it isn't possible for me to go to him to ask an increase of my own pay. And Dave—he means to be a good fellow, Mary. He's got this fever to make money and live like a swell. His wife's got it, too; and he's head over heels in love with her still. Everybody knows about Placey's big stock-market operations. The air down there is full of it. I can't bear to push Dave over the brink. I want him to have a chance to save himself. He has two children, you know. I can't bear the thought of his going to the penitentiary. I can't put it out of my mind how it would be with you and Billy and Bess if I were going. The market may turn, so that he can pull out of the hole he's in."

III

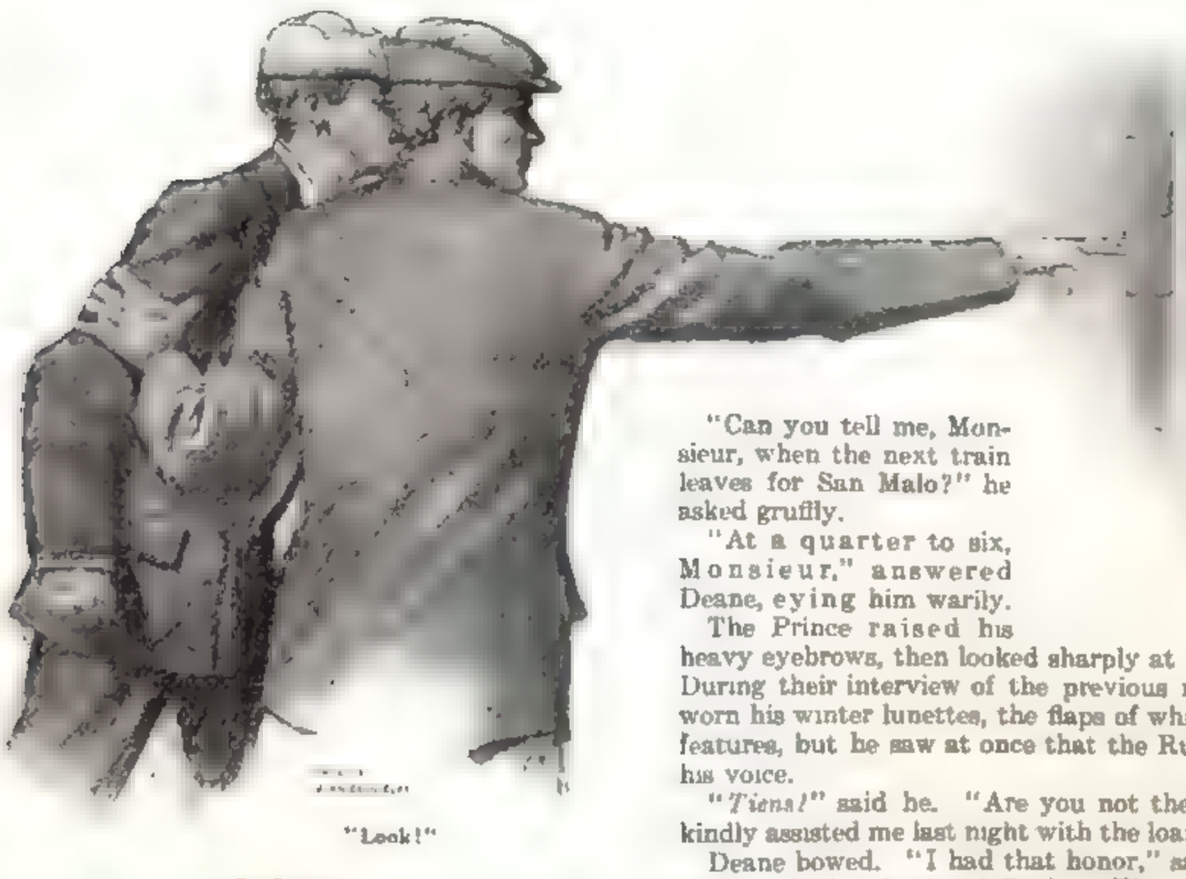
THE market, however, did not turn. Through June it dropped lower and lower.

"Still going down," said Lowndes to his wife, under his breath. "He's drawn thirty-five thousand in two days.

(Continued on Page 22)

THE COUNTESS DIANE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND



"Look!"

PART III

THE Prince threw the door violently open and entered. As he did so Deane seized the Countess by both shoulders and spun her about so that her back was turned to the Prince and her face toward the window. Frightened though she was, the girl's quick resentment was roused by this violence. With an impatient gesture she flung the artist's hands from her shoulders, so that as Prince Kharkof entered the tableau presented to his eyes was that of a pretty peasant girl coquettishly freeing herself from the importunate arms of a gay young knight of the automobile.

He glanced at the pair and grunted. His wicked eyes rested for a moment on the graceful figure of the girl, which even the shapeless costume could not entirely conceal.

"*Pouf!*" said he, and walking to the ticket-booth he rapped sharply on the closed shutter and swore. Then he turned and looked at Deane.

"Can you tell me, Monsieur, when the next train leaves for San Malo?" he asked gruffly.

"At a quarter to six, Monsieur," answered Deane, eying him warily.

The Prince raised his heavy eyebrows, then looked sharply at the young man. During their interview of the previous night Deane had worn his winter lunettes, the flaps of which concealed his features, but he saw at once that the Russian recognized his voice.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "Are you not the gentleman who kindly assisted me last night with the loan of a pump?"

Deane bowed. "I had that honor," said he. "I trust that you had no further difficulty. We were less fortunate, as our motor began to act badly immediately you had proceeded."

"That is too bad," growled the Prince. "Accidents are often contagious." His swarthy face darkened, then his small, twinkling eyes shifted to the Countess, whose back was still turned to him.

"These women!" he said, as if to himself, then muttering something in Russian which Deane could not understand, he touched his hat in a perfunctory way and plunged out through the door. Fearing that he might catch a glimpse of the Countess' face through the window, Deane snatched the girl away with more force than ceremony.

The Countess turned upon him furiously. "How *dare* you drag me around like that!" she demanded with a vicious stamp of her foot.

Deane did not reply. He was intently watching the Prince, who climbed into his car, threw in the clutch and, trundling slowly across the square, disappeared through the arch of what appeared to be the garage of a hotel.

"Answer me!" cried the Countess passionately.

"What?" said Deane, his eyes still following the disappearing car.

"I wish you to understand," said the Countess, "that, Prince or no Prince, I will not submit to being pushed and pulled about ——"

"Nonsense!" said Deane sharply. "If he had seen your face, do you know what would have happened? He would have grabbed you up as a lion takes a cub, thrown you into that car, and there would have been an end to your freedom—and all of this trouble for nothing!"

"What would you have done if he had?" asked the Countess, looking at him aslant.

"What your cousin Sam did yesterday—hit him on the jaw. But I am afraid that it would not have been equally effective. *I* never took boxing lessons with a prize-fighter."

The Countess surveyed him critically. "Do you know," said she, "I would rather like to see you fight?"

"Little savage! Perhaps you may before this business is finished, though I sincerely hope not."

"I wonder if you could," said the Countess thoughtfully. Her blue eyes examined the well-groomed, faultlessly-dressed figure, and she laughed with a shade of irony.

"I should like to see you rumpled up!" said she. "You look now as if you had just come from a reception, instead of having driven a car half the night and sat with your back against a tree for the other half. I suppose"—her red lip curled scornfully—"that you are a very great ladies' man!"

"I try to be agreeable," said Deane.

"And it is only when you get some poor girl who is alone and unprotected and hounded"—the Countess' voice quavered—"that you become rough and—cross—and brutal ——"

"When a good many men," interrupted Deane, "would be gentle and affectionate and, perhaps, even demonstrative. Which do you think that you would prefer under your peculiar circumstances?"

The Countess dropped her eyes and turned half from him.

"You—you always make me act like a fool! At least you make me look—I mean, feel—I mean —— Oh, you are so superior, and sure, and—and ——" The Countess turned her back upon him and looked out of the window.

Deane studied her in some perplexity. He reflected that the high spirit of the girl had probably been suffering

all day from the consciousness of her utter dependence upon him, a stranger. It occurred to him also that her pride had no doubt been stung by the humiliation of her peasant-girl disguise. The fragmentary remarks and sly glances with which the people whom they had passed had been pleased to favor them were none of them lost upon the Countess. Then the brusqueness of his own treatment of her when Kharkof appeared upon the scene had no doubt strained her slight remaining patience almost to its limits.

A Rambling, Slovenly Old Road-House

Thinking that, perhaps, a little solitary reflection might do her no harm in her present temper, and also because he wished to learn more of Kharkof's plans, he decided to leave her for a short time.

"I am afraid, Countess," said he, "that you are getting a bit bored with me. Do you mind if I leave you for a few minutes? I want to find out, if I can, what the Prince is up to."

The Countess did not reply.

"I will be back immediately," said Deane. "Please wait here."

He left the waiting-room and, crossing the square, entered the hotel. Passing through to the café, he saw the car in the court and the Prince standing beside it talking to a man who appeared to be the chef de garage. Their conversation reached the artist quite plainly through the open windows.

"Replenish the essence and lubricating oil," said the Prince, "and clean the carbureter. That is all. Do not touch the motor."

"*Bon, M'sieu'.*"

"I am going to San Malo on the next train and will return for the car to-morrow or the day after, but it is possible that I may send some one for the car at any hour. See to it that there is no delay."

"*Oui, M'sieu'.*"

"*Bon.* Here are two louis for you. Take care that you do not go off and leave the garage locked up!"

"*Merci, merci, M'sieu'.* It shall be as you command."

The Prince started to leave the yard, when he caught sight of Deane. He turned to the chef de garage.

"*Dites donc!* The valves of my pump are no good. Get a new one and leave it in the car." He glanced at Deane. "That was very good of you last night. We were in a bad place to get a *panne* and at a bad time of the night. It was cursedly annoying." His face grew savage and he turned upon his heel and entered the café.

Deane returned to the Countess, whom he found in a condition of ill-restrained excitement. Her pique was quite forgotten in the interest of a fresh discovery.

"There is a spy watching the railroad station!" she whispered breathlessly. "He has been loitering about the platform, and when the ticket-seller arrived I overheard him questioning him about the people to whom he had sold tickets this morning."

"Where is he now?"

"I think that he is on the front platform—*ah-h-h!*"

The door upon the other side of the room opened softly and there entered a tall, sallow man who, from his dress and general appearance, suggested the provincial advocate. Passengers for the train were beginning to arrive, and at these he glanced quickly and keenly. His eyes lingered for an instant upon the artist and his companion, then, with an indifferent glance at the Countess, he turned and went out again.

"You are right," said Deane. "That fellow is a spy—but I do not think that he suspects anything."

"What did you learn?" asked the Countess.

"The Prince is going to San Malo by our train. What his plans are beyond that I do not know. Very possibly he thinks that you may get aboard the train at some way-station along the route. As the case stands, I am afraid that prudence will compel us to get to Dinan in some other way. The danger of his recognizing you is too great."

"But what other way is there?" asked the Countess.

"I have been turning the situation in my mind," said the artist calmly, "and I have about decided to borrow the Prince's car."

The Countess stared, then her pretty face grew red with anger.

"Your little joke does not amuse me," said she coldly.

"Why will you persist in doing me injustice?" asked Deane. "I am quite in earnest. The Prince has left the car in the garage across the street, and I am quite sure that I will have no difficulty in obtaining the use of it for two or three hours. I can take you to Dinan and get back before he arrives at San Malo!"

The blue eyes of the Countess opened very wide; she surveyed the young man with an admiration which was not unmixed with awe.

"For simple, unembarrassed impudence," said she, "you are quite a revelation to all European principles. But why don't you ask him to have his lamp repaired before you borrow his car?"

"It would take too long, and we simply must get to Dinan this evening. However, I will insist upon his supplying us with a new pump. It would be very annoying to have to stop upon the road."

The Countess stared at her companion, then, dropping her face into her hands, fought hard to smother her laughter; but to Deane the situation was far too precarious for mirth.

"We had better remain here until the train goes," said he, "and make sure that the Prince goes with it. Then I will go over and see what I can do about the car."

The Countess did not reply. Instead, she let her eyes rest thoughtfully upon the clean-cut, thoroughbred features of the artist. Suddenly he glanced up, his clear, gray eyes looked into the girl's, and they both laughed. Then the color swept into the Countess' face and her eyes softened wonderfully. She turned slightly away, and, resting her elbow on the window-sill, looked out through the grimy pane.

Presently, Deane, who was studying the charming profile presented to him with a deep interest which was not purely professional, saw the color fade swiftly from the girl's cheek.

"He's coming!" she whispered. Deane glanced at his watch.

"It is almost train-time," said he.

The Prince entered, stepped to the ticket-booth and purchased a ticket, then went out upon the front platform, where he was joined by the sallow gentleman of legal appearance, to whom he appeared to be giving the most minute instructions. They were still talking when the train clamored in. The passengers scrambled aboard, the Prince among them, the guards squawked upon their childish trumpets, the locomotive squealed, the chef de garage tooted upon his little horn and the train rattled off again.

"Now," said Deane, "as soon as quiet is restored I will start upon my criminal undertaking."

"How do you propose to go about it?" asked the Countess.

"I shall tell the man in charge that at the last moment my friend, the Prince, with whom he saw me talking, desired me to meet him with the car at Dinan. Then this evening, when I return the car, I will tell him that I must have misunderstood the Prince, that there was some mistake, and caution him that the less said about it the better."

The Countess sighed. "I am sure," said she, "that you are a young man who deserves to succeed!"

Again their eyes met and again they both laughed, but this time the blood flared up in the face of the artist also. The Countess sighed.

"While you were in the hotel," said she, "a very nice-looking man, either an Englishman or an American, came in and studied the train schedule. He looked at me so hard that I thought he was going to speak to me. I would not have minded much if he had, because I was very lonely and he looked so very well-bred and agreeable."

"I plainly see," said Deane coldly, "that it is not safe to leave you alone."

"Not if you have been cross with me," said the Countess plaintively.

"If I am ever cross with you," replied the artist gently, "it is because I have your welfare so much at heart."

"Why?" asked the Countess demurely.

"Because I—eh—you are very—that is, you see, you are under my protection—and ——"

His Eyes Lingered for an Instant Upon the Artist and His Companion

The Countess' eyes softened. "You *are* good!" she exclaimed, impulsively holding out both hands to the young man. "Thank you!"

Deane, quite overcome, took the two small hands in his and looked into the girl's eyes. Exactly what the situation might have developed it is impossible to say, for at that moment the door of the room was flung open and a tall, young man entered hurriedly. At sight of the tableau presented he stopped short, his eyes opened very wide and his lean, square jaw dropped with amazement.

"Upon my word!" he cried in harsh American. "So *this* is the way you spend your time after inciting me to assault and battery and burning up my money in telegrams trying to find your corpse!"

"Sam!" cried the startled Mr. Deane, still clinging to the hands of the Countess.

"Philandering as usual," continued Mr. Smalley cuttingly. "If it isn't a Countess it's a pretty peasant, and if it's neither it's some one else. Come, kiss the girl and give her ten sous and let's get out of this. I've had the d—— dest night! And all on account of you, confound you! You and your Countess ——"

"*Sam!* Shut up!" cried the horrified artist. "Don't you see ——"

"No, I don't!" cut in Mr. Smalley irately; "and if I'd known that your *grande passion* at first sight was going to be so easily short-circuited by a pretty ankle and a pair of rosy cheeks ——"

"Sam! You everlasting chump——" The agonized artist made so wild a rush at his angry friend that Mr. Smalley stepped quickly aside. The next instant Deane had grabbed him roughly by the shoulder. The Countess had risen to her feet as majestically as an ill-fitting bodice and a very short skirt would permit and was regarding the two young men with her blue eyes almost black from anger. Her face was quite pale and her lower lip was clenched in her white, even teeth.

"Can't you see?" cried the wretched Mr. Deane. "This *is* the Countess Roubanoff!"

"It *is?*" cried the startled Mr. Smalley. "Well, upon my word!"

For an instant he surveyed the angry beauty in mingled wonder and amusement. Then, with some effort, he controlled a violent inward emotion and bowed.

"Countess Roubanoff," said Deane desperately, "permit me to present Mr. Smalley—eh—your—eh, cousin Sam!"

The faintest quiver appeared upon the corners of the girl's mouth. She nodded slightly in response to the respectful bow of Mr. Smalley.

"Mr.—eh—Mr.——" She turned in some vexation to the artist. "What is *your* name, please?"

"*My* name!" cried Deane, by this time hopelessly demoralized. "Oh—eh—*my* name——" He looked helplessly at his friend. "What the deuce is my name, Sam—eh, Deane, of course ——"

"Mr. Deane," continued the Countess, biting her lip, "tells me that we are related."

"Ah—yes," replied Mr. Smalley placidly. "My mother's—ah—great uncle, I believe it was, was your—ah—maternal grandmother's—ah—sister, or wife, or—something."

"Oh, I see," said the Countess in a creamy voice. "*That* was why you were both so determined to rescue me."

"Of course," said Mr. Smalley gravely. "One must stand by one's relatives, you know."

The two looked at each other; then the lips of both began to twitch. Then, as if moved by the same impulse, they turned and regarded the unhappy Deane, who was looking from one to the other in a crumbled sort of way, and *his* lips began to twitch also. All three faces grew very red and, suddenly, a shout of laughter from the men and a clear, rollicking peal from the Countess burst out spontaneously, and the situation was at once relieved.

"We looked for you very eagerly last night, Cousin Sam," said the Countess, touching her eyes with her handkerchief."

"I was nearly frantic!" said Smalley. "There was no difficulty with the chauffeur, poor chap, but in my excitement I started off on third and snapped my crank-shaft like a pipe-stem. There I was—*en panne!* By and by a chap came along and took me in tow.

I stopped at the first inn we struck, a villainous place on the edge of the town, and there the car is now, with Serge in charge. He has decided to quit the service of the Prince and enter mine. I shall sack that amorous Cockney!" His keen eyes rested curiously upon the Countess. "How did you two manage?"

They quickly told the story of their adventures, at which Smalley laughed.

"I should have seen that you were not a peasant at once," he said to the Countess, "if I had not been so vexed. As it was, I simply thought that Archie was up to his old tricks—eh ——"

"His old *what?*" asked the Countess quickly.

"Oh—eh—you know, Countess, artists have a way," began Mr. Smalley, avoiding the menacing eye of his friend, "of going about with one eye on the alert for a new and interesting type of—eh—face, and when they find one which interests them they are apt to engage its owner in—eh—conversation, sometimes playing upon the emotions for the sake of developing new expressions, I presume ——"

"Oh, rot!" growled the infuriated Deane. The Countess glanced at him as one might at some new and interesting reptile.

"Yes?" she said, turning expectantly to Mr. Smalley. "How *very* interesting. And what then—Cousin Sam?"

"If we are going to get to Dinan to-night," growled Deane, "we had better start!"

"Then," said Mr. Smalley, utterly disregarding the interruption, "they take mental notes."

"What kind of notes?" asked the Countess.

"Mental notes, they call them."

"But isn't that very difficult?" asked the girl. "Fancy, *mental* notes!"

"It is not difficult for most people," answered Smalley, "but Deane has often said that it was for him. That is probably why he requires so much practice."

Deane rose to his feet. "Since there is no assistance to be looked for from your cousin Sam, Countess," he said, laying infinite sarcasm upon the word "cousin," "I will reluctantly leave you in his care while I see what can be done in regard to transportation."

"Why not borrow the Prince's car?" suggested Mr. Smalley. "It is over in the garage—and I have a man who thoroughly understands it!" he added with a grin.

"That is precisely what I was about to do!" said Deane. "We had foolishly counted upon you, but since you have gone and smashed *your* car just at the critical moment there is nothing else to do. I must say, I don't see how you managed it! Any beginner would know better than that! A nice mess you've got your cousin in!"

The lean, hard face of Mr. Smalley grew glum. Like a good many young men of wealth and no occupation, he took the serious things of life lightly and his pastimes very seriously. Of late years the one thing upon which he had come to pride himself was his complete mastery of motor-cars. To add to his chagrin, his New England conscience told him that the rebuke was entirely deserved.

"There must have been a flaw in that ——" he began.

"There was a flaw in your judgment!" said Deane bitterly. "Fancy trying to start a big car ——"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Smalley vexedly, "I acknowledge that I made a slight error in judgment ——"

"A *slight* error!" echoed his friend, who was still smarting from the witticisms of the other. "Oh, puff! What do you call slight? A crank-shaft? What do you expect to run your car by, anyhow? Moral suasion, or animal magnetism, or ——"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Mr. Smalley wearily. "I've gone and done it—and know it, and now I am ready to make good. What do you want me to do? Wheel my cousin to Dinan in a push-cart?"

"We have wasted time enough in flippancy," said Deane, glancing at the Countess, who was looking from one to the other of the young men with very large, round, blue eyes. "Do you remember that sharp turn in the road where it goes up that steep little grade just before you come into the town?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Smalley. "We had to get out and push there. My car is stabled just this side of that place."

"Then take the Countess with you," said Deane, "and meet me there in about half an hour. You can stop on the way and get the Prince's chauffeur. We don't want to snap any more crank-shafts!"

"But how do you know that you can get the Prince's car —?" began Mr. Smalley.

"Oh, puff! You do your part and I will do mine. You have failed me once, and by blue, if you ever fail me again it will be the last time that I ever take the trail with you after any more kidnaped Countesses," said Mr. Deane impressively. He turned to the girl.

"I hate to turn you over to any such irresponsible person, Countess," said he; "but needs must when your cousin Sam drives!" He turned to his friend. "Don't you leave her for a minute! for a second! Do you understand? Now let's go—we've wasted time enough already."

Nodding to his thoroughly subjugated listeners, Mr. Deane went out of the door and crossed the square to the hotel, where he seated himself at a table on the terrace.

"Send me the chef de garage," he said to the *garçon* as the latter was pocketing a very lavish tip.

"*Oui, M'sieu'.*" The waiter disappeared and returned in a few moments with the somewhat reluctant functionary, who wore an expression which seemed to say that money might pay for this concession, but that it would take considerable.

Deane glanced at him indifferently, then slowly and absently finished his drink.

"*V'la, M'sieu'—c'est M'sieu' le chef de garage,*" said the *garçon* nervously.

"*Eh bien,*" replied Deane impatiently. "That is all—you may go!"

The waiter vanished. Deane glanced languidly at the man in front of him.

"M'sieu' desires something?" asked the fellow ominously.

"Oh, You are so Superior, and Sure, and — and ——"

"If I had not," said Deane curtly, "do you think that I would have gone to the trouble of sending for you? *Monsieur le Prince,*" he continued irritably, "at the very last moment called to me from the train to take his cursed car to Dinan, or San Malo, or some place—I do not know!" He shook the hand holding the cigarette irritably. "Get it ready!"

The man's whole demeanor underwent a change. He appeared to draw in at the corners like a turtle.

"But, Monsieur ——"

"But what?" said Deane sharply. "Is not the car ready to start at once? Ah, yes—there was a pump or something to be bought. Never mind. Take one out of any car and say that it was stolen. This will pay for it." He tossed the man a note for fifty francs. "If there is anything left it is for you, and this"—he handed another note of the same denomination—"is for you if you bring the car around within ten minutes!"

"*Merci, M'sieu'*—the car will be here!" The man hurried off effervescing acknowledgments, leaving Mr. Deane to reflect upon the singularly direct relations between money, in the abstract and concrete, and anything belonging or appertaining to the automobile.

At the end of the allotted ten minutes Deane descended to the yard of the garage, where he found the keeper in the act of "cranking up." Being perfectly acquainted with this type of car, the artist made a successful start and, picking his way carefully through the narrow street, quickly arrived at the place of rendezvous. There was no one in sight, but as he drew up and horned a man whom he at once recognized as the former chauffeur of the Prince came out from behind the hedge and saluted him.

"Where is M. Smalley?" demanded Deane.

"He told me to wait here and tell you that he would come at once, Monsieur. He wished to examine something about the car."

"Imbecile!" muttered Deane, twisting his mustache nervously. Even while on his way from the hotel he had been conscious of an odd and disagreeable sense of impending ill which was by no means allayed by the absence of Mr. Smalley and the Countess.

For five minutes he sat in the car, his anxiety rapidly increasing. At last it became insupportable, and he was about to return on foot and investigate the cause of the delay when the chauffeur observed:

"Monsieur is coming now. He is running."

A thrill of horror swept through the artist. He leaned out and looked back in the direction from which he had come, when, to his sickening dismay, he beheld Mr. Smalley tearing down the road. In a second he had leaped out of the car and dashed to meet him.

"Where is she?" gasped Deane. Smalley's tanned face was pale and his eyes bulging from fright and exertion.

"Where is she?" cried Deane.

"I don't know!" panted the wretched Mr. Smalley. "She's gone!"

"Gone! Gone where? Gone how? Who took her?" The voice of the artist was so savage that his friend shrunk away from him.

"Do you think that I'd be here if I knew, Archie?" cried the agonized Mr. Smalley.

"But you must know!" snarled Deane. "You didn't leave her, did you?"

Mr. Smalley stepped back, startled at the ferocity in the face of his usually tranquil friend.

"I—I *did* leave her for—for a few minutes, Archie," he wailed. "I—I wanted to see something about the car ——"

The frantic artist wasted at least twenty seconds of priceless time in a frenzied objurgation of Mr. Smalley, his car, his faithlessness of character and neglect of trust, after which, telling the chauffeur to wait with the automobile, he seized his jaded friend by the shoulder and pushed him in the direction whence he had come.

"Show me where you left her!" he growled.

"She was standing in the court beside the back door of the inn," panted Mr. Smalley as they hastened along. "I was scarcely out of earshot ——"

"Were you working at the car?" demanded Deane, glancing at the grimy hands of his false friend.

"A little—I might have been hammering," acknowledged Smalley sheepishly. "But I was not gone over ten minutes ——"

"Ten minutes—oh, my soul!" The artist groaned in anguish.

"And when I came back she was gone—vanished into thin air. Of course I tore around asking every one I saw ——"

"The worst thing you could have done. Here we are!"

They had reached the inn, a rambling, slovenly old road-house, which looked as if it might have been a very pretentious house in the middle of the fourteenth century. The walls were very thick, with long embrasures for archers or musketeers, and doors and gates of both house and yard were grilled. In the rear was a roughly-paved court, flanked by dirty outhouses and surrounded by a massive wall.

"Dismal hole!" said Smalley; "but it looked good to us about three o'clock yesterday morning when we reached here in tow of a cabbage-cart. The car is in that stable."

Deane looked about him narrowly. "And the Countess," said he, "is in that house!" He pointed to the inn.

"What makes you think so?—Hang it, I wish that brute would stop blowing that beastly horn."

From the kitchen of the inn there had arisen the wailing, lugubrious notes of a French *cor de chasse*, a sweet and melancholy instrument when heard at a distance and played by a skillful performer, but a veritable instrument of torture in the hands of a novice. In the present case the notes issuing from the horn suggested the trumpeting of a she-elephant deprived of her calf. To add to the harrowing result, the mournful strains had stirred the soul of every dog within its reach and the animals were voicing their emotions from all about the place.

In the irritated condition of his nerves the tumult was maddening to Mr. Smalley. He started for the kitchen door.

"If gold cannot silence that row," said he, "force will have to!"

"Wait," said Deane sharply. "Perhaps the fellow is not making that noise entirely for fun."

"What is that?" cried Mr. Smalley, his face growing suddenly tense. "You mean that you think—that ——"

"Listen—what is that?"

"What?"

"That cry—or scream—or howl ——"

Both men listened intently. The horn was clamoring, dogs howling, and from somewhere in the front of the inn

(Continued on Page 24)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4, 1907

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ If at first you don't succeed, send Taft.

¶ San Francisco is realizing what is meant by "the fatal gift of booty."

¶ The early bird catches the worm, and the night bird gets the wormwood.

¶ A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it sometimes acquires a high polish.

¶ People who have sweethearts get married; people who have affinities get divorced.

Reverence or Honesty?

TO GET what you want, ask for more than you can use; that is the sacred principle of all successful reform. In every phase of life the golden mean is most readily achieved by a hard endeavor toward the impossible extreme, and, this being as true in paint as it is in politics, there is hope of good result from Mr. Andrew Carnegie's recent advice to modern Americans to cultivate a somewhat exclusive taste for modern American art. Not that we are setting up Mr. Carnegie as an infallible arbiter in things artistic. There is a large body of not uneducated opinion which, on purely æsthetic grounds, resents the Carnegie-Clark-Morgan combine to corner that market in this country. But the fact remains that the first of these three, whatever his acquaintance with old masters, has done a good deal to stimulate some young ones among us.

Ever since that unhallowed day when Father Adam scratched with his stick in the mould and

> "——the Devil whispered behind the leaves,
> 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'"—

ever since then there has been more cant spoken and more twaddle written about the art of painting than—not even forgetting music—there has been talked and written about all the other arts put together. The critics on the one hand and the painters on the other have waged a war of extermination over the rival claims of each army to a monopoly of the knowledge of just what pictures are good pictures. The only occasions on which there has been peace between them were when they united to squelch the mere layman, the mere purchaser, the misguided, ignorant admirer of mere beauty. Through all the years no opportunity has been neglected to say to this unfortunate majority of civilized mankind: "Art is an exact science, and painting is either good or bad by rule; but it is also an esoteric science, and, as we know the rules and won't teach you, you have got to accept our judgments, discard what we don't like and like what we do like, whether you really like it or not."

And the result? Well, the misguided admirer of mere beauty has been beaten into intellectual slavery, and today, by the thousand, he stands, Baedeker in hand, before many a crude canvas, gaping an admiration that stamps him as either hypnotized or a liar.

It is this condition which prompts one to hope, even from Carnegie. For Americans to respect only their own art is, of course, neither desirable nor possible. But to demand so much may at least bring about a return to honesty in our appreciation of art in general, may restore us to the firm foundation of our genuine convictions, and may render it possible to admire a masterpiece, new or old, foreign or domestic, not because we are told that we ought to admire it, but because our own good taste, which must always remain the ultimate individual criterion, tells us that it is worthy of our praise. Divested of all the dust of technical and critical verbosity which, for centuries, has settled upon it, the plain truth about the art of painting is this: that the artist must produce beauty by means of truth. The man who doesn't of himself know truth and beauty when he sees them cannot be taught by all the critics and artists in the world, and the man who does know them of himself needs no instruction.

Ticketing the Rich

PITTSBURG gives us pause. Every city has a "smart set," composed of the wealthiest inhabitants. And every city has journals yellow enough to exploit to the limit whatever due product of vice and crime its "smart set" may yield. Yet everybody knew that the opulent indecencies which were pretty constantly paraded through the press did not give an inclusive picture of rich men's lives; that in every city were millionaires who had no divorce suits, but were models of domestic virtue; even that every city had millionaires who were upright in all their dealings.

We say everybody knew this; but Pittsburg, alas, seized the idea and acted upon it. Possibly she had a touch of vertigo from so long holding her nose over her "smart set." At any rate, she gave a dinner to her righteous men of wealth. There were twenty-eight of them. The country's natural inference is that Pittsburg's rich are now all accounted for—twenty-eight on the one side, and a few less on the other.

A chief function of yellow journalism is greatly to magnify the importance of the rich. You can generally tell how yellow a paper is, without looking at its editorial page, by simply observing how it slobbers in its "Society" department. The fruit of this, if one may judge by the Pittsburg episode, is to be that every city must carefully round up, classify and ticket its precious rich. We cannot afford to let any multi-millionaire wander at large untagged. Perhaps we shall have city departments for keeping exact track of the opulent. We may see such items as: "Owing to the great rise in Third Ward realty, Mr. George W. Smith has been adjudged Rich, duly examined and classified as Righteous." "Millionaire Thompson has been passed for Righteous, with two conditions which he must work off by New Year's." "Millionaire Jenkins has applied for a transfer from Righteous to Smart Set. He hesitated long before taking this step, pinning his hope to a lingering illness with which his wife was afflicted. As she seems likely to recover, he feels that nothing is left but divorce."

A Military Relic

VIRTUALLY all armies now have uniforms of khaki or other inconspicuous material for active service. The brass buttons and scarlet coats that once made the soldier a target have disappeared, and even parade uniforms are quiet.

In one place, however, brass buttons still hold their own—on the broad bosoms of our police. The patrolman has to wear them both on parade and on the firing-line. Few things are so comforting to the burglar and bank robber as the thought of that double row of shining disks standing out in the darkness. They are as pleasing to the hold-up artist and "yeggman" as were the red coats of Braddock's regulars to the Indians ambushed outside of Fort Duquesne. Much of the patrolman's night work consists of prowling around black alleys and back-doors in the deserted business district. With long practice he is able to lurk in shadows and sometimes get the start of an unsuspicious crook. But the moment he turns his face toward danger he is as visible as though a spot-light were thrown upon him, and his double row of brass buttons make him a walking sign-post for the criminal who wants to get away, and a plain target for the one who prefers to shoot.

The governments of the world have recognized, both in uniforms and tactics, that the private soldier has a right to be as small a target as possible. But the policeman is still bound down by military tradition in the matter of his uniform. He is a military relic and anachronism.

What You Pay For at Hotels

"WILL you," writes a thoughtful correspondent, "start something about hotels? I believe the time has arrived when the public will support a movement for a genuine application of the European plan of ordering only what you want and paying only for what you get.

"To illustrate: The so-called first-class hotel—not only in New York, where ground rents are enormous, but in most self-respecting inland metropolises—will charge about four dollars a day for a small bedroom and bath. This charge is evidently made up substantially as follows: for room, bed and bath, 75 cents; for brass in bedposts, rosewood furniture and rug, $1.25; for marble and decorations downstairs, $2. I do not wish to pay for marble and decorations. Often I would rather pay to have them out of sight. I do not care for brass bedposts and rosewood yet have to take them and pay for them. I would like fresh air and sunshine in my room; but I cannot get them, except by taking a loading of brass, rosewood, rugs and decorations which makes the cost prohibitive.

"Or, consider the meals. Certain famous establishments charge fifty cents for serving food of the intrinsic value of five cents, because they do it in a manner to meet the requirements of the most fastidious taste. The superficial signs of this process are a handsome dining-room, real silverware, and waiters in swallow-tail coats. A larger number of so-called first-class hotels make the same charge and think themselves justified when they provide these superficialities merely. That the food is indifferent and the service slovenly does not seem important to them. My own taste is not fastidious. I can very cheerfully eat cold-storage eggs in which the waiter has stuck his thumb, but I cannot cheerfully pay the first-class price for them.

"Suppose I rebel, take up the hotel directory, and choose an establishment which charges the price I ought to pay for what I really want? Often as not I will find it merely some ancient 'first-class' hotel gone to seed and blossoming in ragged plush and grimy walnut. About a quarter of the population spends about a quarter of the year in strange hotels. Seems to me they are awfully swindled about three times out of four."

Time-Tables Explained

WE HAVE a number of reports that the railroads are going to lengthen their time schedules here and there—especially of trains between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. We venture to doubt, however, that there will be any material change. Formerly, like most uninitiated persons, we wondered much over those California schedules. Recently, however, they were explained to us by an adept in the art of transportation.

"A railroad," said this gentleman, "must have a time-table, for two reasons: first, to sell tickets on, because travelers, illogical as it may be, invariably want to know when they will arrive; second, in order that the railroad itself may know when to start the train from the initial point. These schedules, you will observe, fully meet both these basic requirements. But they serve another purpose which is almost as important. Traveling is a tedious business. The confinement and the constant jar of the car irritate the nerves. After the first day out passengers tend to become restless, and harass the crew. The time-table keeps them amused. Kindly take a look through this train as we approach the next station. You will see nearly everybody consulting one of our beautifully-printed folders and figuring how much later we are now than we were this morning. Discussions as to whether the day and hour of our arrival should be calculated by dead reckoning or on an assumption that our lateness will proceed at a progressive ratio while away many otherwise heavy hours. A party in the buffet-car is arguing whether we will be so late at the junction that they will have to wait only a few hours to catch to-morrow's down train, or whether the other road will be so late that they can make a close connection with the down train of yesterday. A time-table that corresponded approximately with the facts would rob transcontinental travel of its chief defense against ennui."

We do not think there will be any material change.

The Lessons of a Murder Trial

THE Thaw trial was worth all it cost. That seven jurors out of twelve comprehended the interests of civilization and stood for them is a very big and precious fact. Their stand spells a repeal of the savage and monstrous "unwritten law." We do not believe that any act by any public body or any public man in the last dozen years is more truly valuable than this to the American people.

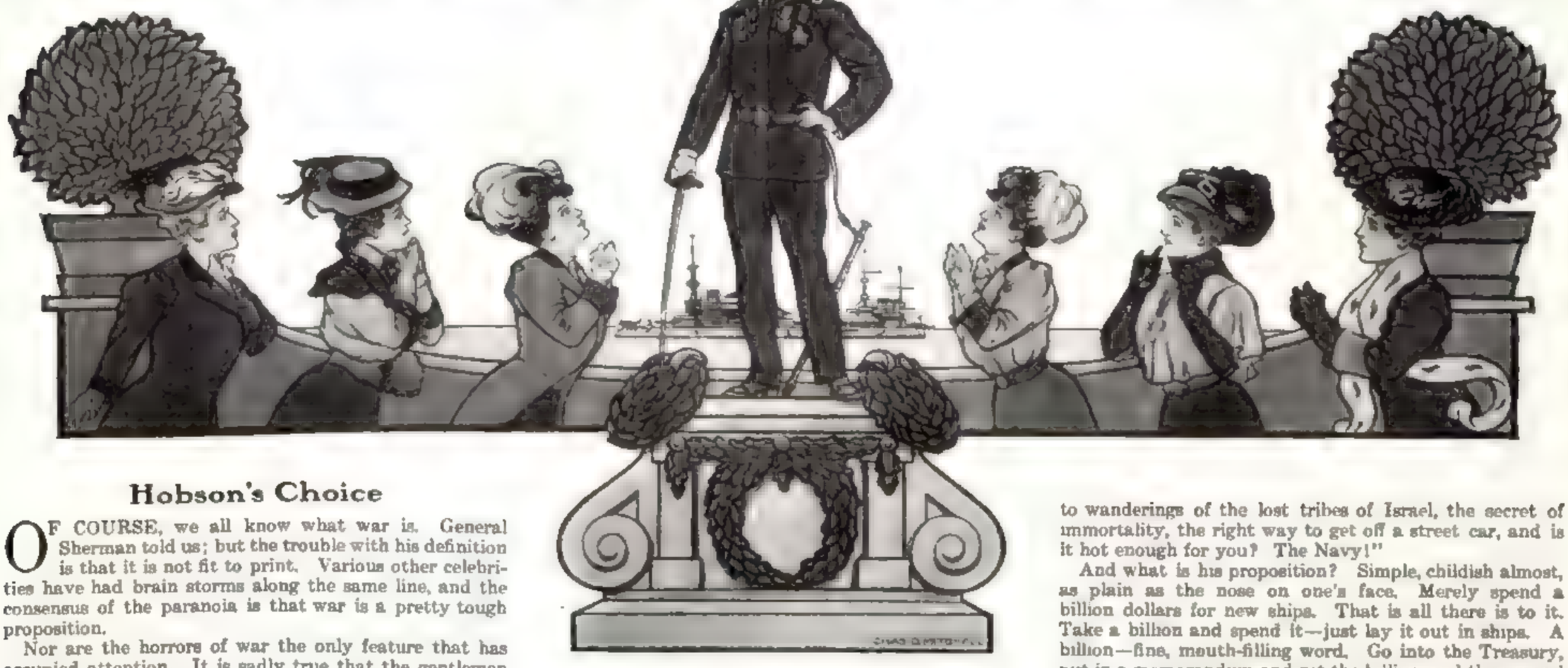
Nothing can be falser than the argument that murder under "the unwritten law" is an expression of the man's cherishing love for the woman. Nine times out of ten the murder is as great an injury to the woman as the original wrong was. It puts her on exhibition, gives her story to print, brands her in the market-place. The murder is not for love of the woman, but to soothe the male's wounded sex pride.

There were eloquent references during the trial to the days of chivalry. The general state of morals and of justice in those days is pretty generally understood. An acute critic has described chivalry as the will to make love to every woman and fight every man. Yet peculiar as were the ethics of chivalry, it was not considered knightly to kill an unarmed foe.

What becomes of Thaw now is a matter of no consequence to any one, save himself and his relatives. The second trial, if there is one, will, we believe, be a merely local affair. The first trial was a national affair. Circumstances made it a great contest for the sanctioning of the "unwritten law," and, by a necessary consequence, for the subjugation of the written law. This, in our view, gave it a truly vital importance. That statute of the State of New York which embodies the older ordinance, "Thou shalt not kill," is stronger because this appeal to the "unwritten law" did not succeed.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Hobson's Choice

OF COURSE, we all know what war is. General Sherman told us; but the trouble with his definition is that it is not fit to print. Various other celebrities have had brain storms along the same line, and the consensus of the paranoia is that war is a pretty tough proposition.

Nor are the horrors of war the only feature that has occupied attention. It is sadly true that the gentlemen who stay at home and direct the wars are more concerned with the dollars-and-cents side than with the heroes-and-heroics side. It is all well enough to lead a forlorn hope, but how about the cost of outfitting the forlorn hopers? Thus, as practical men, to use a recent ringing phrase of President Roosevelt's, let us consider the economic aspects of war; and, becoming specific, let us hark back to our war with Spain.

Was it conducted at the lowest possible cost of manufacture? It was not, as shall be shown here by a concrete example of extravagance.

We all remember that glorious (but expensive) night when the Merrimac was sent into Santiago harbor and sunk to block Cervera's ships, bottle them up so Admiral Sampson or Admiral Schley (take your choice) could leisurely drop shells on them without resorting to the expedient of looping the loop or going down the coast a few miles to pay a social call.

The Merrimac Extravagance

THAT was gross extravagance, that Merrimac episode. The Merrimac might better have been saved to the American Navy to rust out tied at a dock or to be sold, with other tubs acquired for the defense of bellowing Boston and panicky Portland, in the grand clearing sale after the war, for $1.67. Instead, the ship was sent into the harbor and sunk—north and south instead of east and west, to be sure, but sunk—and her gallant crew, led by Richmond Pearson Hobson, subjected to many hardships, including the discomforts of a Spanish dungeon and the loss of Mr. Hobson's hair, which was most annoying and unnecessary. The whole proceeding was criminally wasteful—criminally wasteful is the exact designation—for the desired result could have been attained in another and simpler way, and Captain Hobson would have been saved his hair, no small attribute of a good-looking man.

Let justice be done. It is possible the commanders did not know of the alternative. Still, that alternative is now so apparent that it must have had out a few advance agents in 1898. The only thing required on that summer night when the Merrimac went in, to stun Cervera, to daze his crew, to awe his fighting-men, to charm the ships out to destruction, was to put Richmond Pearson Hobson on some convenient float near the entrance of the harbor and tell him to talk. Standing there, with his hand on his heart, with his vocabulary unleashed, with his sonorous periods rolling forth, there would have been nothing to it in half an hour. Cervera would have given the word. The Spaniards would have sailed out. Hobson would have kept his hair, and the whole affair would have been less mussy and much more to the honor and increment of the American flag.

There have been boasts, from time to time, of talkers produced by certain sections. Silver tongues are not local, but general. Words have no duty on them. It has always been a free and untrammeled competition. There are Dolliver and John Wesley Gaines and William Sulzer and LaFollette and Tom Patterson and ex-Representative Baker and Senator Bacon and Jim Ham Lewis, all more or less lingually argentiferous, to say nothing of being labially auriferous, but they must hide their diminished vocabularies when Richmond Pearson Hobson arises and says: "Gentlemen, I had not expected this signal honor, but now that I have been called to my feet I shall take the opportunity to say a few words on this important topic——"

It may be the person or persons in command at Santiago did not know of this talent—nay, genius—on the part of Mr. Hobson. It may be he had not developed his personal phonograph and megaphone to its present stage of perfection. Still, it is the province of warriors to take advantage of all the engines of war, and, even in its incipient, not to say adolescent, state, the voice of Hobson was one of the mightiest engines that has yet been discovered by man.

Ample proof of this assertion is furnished by the career of Mr. Hobson after he left the Navy and became a statesman. He had an objective point, and he never faltered.

Marking John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, as his prey, he talked by day and talked by night in the fixed purpose of eliminating Bankhead from the House of Representatives and of placing himself there instead. He was not successful the first time, but he did not sulk or stop. By day and by night he used that voice, by day and night he rolled out those beautiful sentences, by day and night he shot the Alabama atmosphere full of holes, reverberating and redundantly repeating, and when it came to the second contest Bankhead was reduced to mere pulp, and now wanders abroad on the face of Alabama a recollection and no more.

Hobson is in Congress. When the House assembles next December he will be there, tall, handsome, smiling, and prepared to unlimber that voice at any moment and hold it in melodious action until the procession has passed any given point and has countermarched.

Hobson has a mission. All men with flux of words have missions. His is the expansion of the Navy. His theory is that the man who makes forty-two ships grow where but one grew before is the identical person who will have the biggest tablet in the Hall of Fame. Looking far ahead, he has designs on Statuary Hall.

Down to the Treasury in Ships

DID you ever hear him plead for the Navy? It is worth the strain on any man's ear-drums. Orotund and solemn, he pleads by the hour or by the week, as the exigencies may demand. "What," he declaims, "is the safeguard of the nation? The Navy! What is the surest defense against the ravaging of our coast? The Navy! What is the best breakfast food, the simplest cure for a cold, the right way to trim a dog's ears, the finest kind of smoking tobacco, the exact way for a hen to lay an egg, the explanation of the nebular hypothesis, the recipe for onion soup, the guide to wanderings of the lost tribes of Israel, the secret of immortality, the right way to get off a street car, and is it hot enough for you? The Navy!"

And what is his proposition? Simple, childish almost, as plain as the nose on one's face. Merely spend a billion dollars for new ships. That is all there is to it. Take a billion and spend it—just lay it out in ships. A billion—fine, mouth-filling word. Go into the Treasury, put in a memorandum and get the billion, and then spend it for ships.

It is so easy the wonder is nobody ever thought of it before. John Hollis Bankhead must feel chagrined, not to say humiliated, that he didn't think of it himself. He didn't, though, and now see where he is.

Hobson has come to Congress to get that billion. He will have his bill ready on December 2, next, when Congress meets, and he should have the money by the fifteenth, at the latest, provided the Congress comes around to his way of thinking. He has no fears about that. He will talk to the statesmen and show them how essential it all is, and they will appropriate the money.

There is nothing surer than that, for Hobson is there for that purpose, you know, and it is quite likely the statesmen will let go the purse-strings rather than be so charmed in their seats by his eloquence that they cannot go home to supper.

And, when you come to think of it, a billion isn't much, as Hobson looks at it. There must be moments in his life when he is sorry he did not fix his total at a trillion or a quadrillion. That would give every child a battleship for a plaything, and there might be a way of putting wheels on them and using them for traction-engines out in North Dakota and other States that are at least a smart ten-minutes' walk from tidewater.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Charles Dick, of Ohio, started life as a flour and feed merchant.

¶ Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury, likes sandwiches made of cold boiled salmon.

¶ George Vanderbilt has an ambition to be a social leader in Washington, and will probably realize it, as he has the price.

¶ President Roosevelt weighs twenty pounds more than he did when he became President. He thrives on hard work.

¶ E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, has the smallest goatee in captivity. It consists of four hairs, at which he tugs nervously when he has anything on his mind.

¶ Representative Wharton, of Chicago, the youngest man in the House, began his career by acting as a guide in the stockyards. He likes to have the Capitol guides point him out.

¶ Senator Nixon, of Nevada, is a mining magnate in the new Goldfield region. He also runs a string of newspapers and a string of banks. In his early days he was a telegraph operator.

¶ Former Governor David S. Francis, of Missouri, who was president of the St. Louis Fair, is in a highly-sensitized, receptive mood as regards the Democratic nomination for President in 1908.

Municipal Bonds

ARE direct obligations of states, counties, cities, towns, school districts, etc., and are issued to provide funds for water works, sewers, courthouses, schools and various other corporate purposes of a similar nature.

Such issues are secured by the full faith and credit of the various municipalities and are issued in conformity with laws enacted to keep municipal indebtedness within safe limits.

Money to meet principal and interest comes from taxation which must be met or property may be sold by the municipality.

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YOUR SAVINGS

INVESTMENTS FOR WOMEN

IN A COUNTRY like the United States where a woman has the same opportunity for work as a man, it follows that women should take an important part in the wage earning. Since women who work are, in the main, more economical than men who work, it is very natural that they should comprise the bulk of savings-bank depositors. Women accumulate savings, and they have the very natural desire to have these savings yield them as high a return as possible. But the problem of the proper investment for a woman is much more difficult than the investment for a man, and it is with this problem that women are wrestling all over the country. They sometimes find it harder to invest than to save.

In making investments most women are not willing to take the same chances that a man is apt to take, and very wisely. Therefore the first quality that an investment for a woman should have is absolute stability. Her money should be so placed that it is not easily affected by market conditions, by crop changes, by the dishonesty of individuals, or by shifts of political power. Yet it is interesting to add in this connection that the men in the investment business will almost unanimously tell you that one of the first things which a woman asks, in discussing an investment, is: "Will it go up?" meaning, of course, that she expects it at once to increase in value.

But the first step is to save. No matter if you are clerk, stenographer, secretary, factory girl, or other worker with your hands or brain, it is easy to save a little sum of money every week. The extents to which the most insignificant sums grow are sometimes amazing. It is not what you earn, but what you save, that starts you on the pleasant and comforting highway toward wealth. Take five cents, a very small sum, the price of a single carfare. If you save this amount every day, it will become $182.50 in ten years. If you have it in a savings-bank that pays four per cent., the interest on this sum will be $40.06. Thus the total amount represented by this small saving will be $222.56.

Take ten cents, the price of two glasses of soda-water (if you don't live in New York, where it is only the price of one), and that, by the same process of saving every day, will amount to $445.56 in ten years; while twenty-five cents a day will become the very neat sum of $1113.75. If you put a dollar in a savings-bank every week for twenty years it will mean $1612 to you at the end of that time. It is just like that old adage that you have heard since childhood about large oaks growing from small acorns. These convincing facts brought home to every woman should be a stimulus to savings, for it takes such a little to begin. And savings and good investment often stand between the unprotected woman and old ladies' homes.

Bonds the Best Investment

The real beginning, therefore, of any woman's investment is in the savings-banks. When, however, she has, say, $500, it is time for her to look around for an investment that is just as safe and that will yield her a larger return. She should be willing to make a little sacrifice to income to secure an investment that is secure. It will save her a lot of worry. The investment for a woman should be a long-time one—that is, an investment that does not mature soon, because in that event she will have to go over the whole investment performance again. In view of these important considerations, it is highly advisable for the woman with savings to buy, under ordinary circumstances, a bond, which invariably represents the most conservative investment, and usually runs a long time.

In buying bonds the average woman who has no banker with whom to consult should follow those investments which are legal for savings-banks in New York and Massachusetts, the two States that throw the strongest safeguards about the people's savings. These include real-estate mortgages, first mortgage bonds of railroads, and State and municipal bonds. The yield from these very high-class bonds is smaller than the yield from some other investments, but that is because they are so safe. There is no more desirable bond, for example, for a woman than a City of New York four per cent. bond, which may now be bought for par, perhaps a little less, and this would make the yield four per cent. The mortgage bonds of a half-dozen great railroads which come inside the savings-banks' range afford excellent investment for women. The list might include bonds of the following: Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad; Illinois Central; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Chicago and Northwestern; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; Pennsylvania, and New York Central and Hudson River. These bonds are what are called "gilt-edge" securities.

A woman, however, is taking but little more risk and is getting a larger income when she invests in a high-class industrial bond. These come outside the savings-bank class, and should only be bought when the woman has the advantage of the advice and judgment of a banker or dealer in investment securities in whom she has absolute confidence and the reputation of whose house is of the very highest. Take the General Electric 3½ Debenture, due in 1942. This may be obtained in a $500 denomination and at a price which would make the cost about $445. The yield, therefore on this investment would be about 3.90 per cent. Thus, if you have $500 to invest, you could buy one of these bonds and have $55 left for a "nest-egg" to be put back in the savings-bank as a starter for a second investment. It is an industrial corporation of this kind, whose business is staple and whose earning power has been proved, whose bonds may be bought by a woman with safety.

The Guaranteed Mortgage

The desire to own a piece of property or a small cottage makes a strong appeal to women who work, especially in the cities where there are many subdivisions of land, but this is speculative unless you want it for a home. If you buy a little cottage, for example, you must pay taxes, you must keep it in repair, and you run the risk of not having a tenant for it. Real-estate mortgages, on the other hand, have no such risk. But it is well to have the mortgage on property where you can see it, and it is wise to insist on its not being mortgaged for more than two-thirds of its value. This means that a piece of property worth $600 should not be mortgaged for more than $400. You can buy guaranteed mortgages from bond and mortgage companies.

In this kind of investment, as in any other kind, it is advisable for the woman to seek the best advice, for a failure to do this has robbed many of hard-earned savings. With the present organization of investment facilities it is possible to get in touch with the most reliable houses, no matter where you live, for investments may be made by mail, and their stability depends on the integrity of the house with which you do business.

Women are often the easy dupes of "get-rich-quick" schemes. A Boston widow who was left to support a half-dozen children started a lunch-stand. By frugality she saved $1000 in five years. She wanted to invest it. She had seen lurid advertisements of copper stocks that were selling for $10 a share and that promised to be worth $100 a share in a year. Without asking advice she bought these shares. They are not worth ten cents now, and her savings are wiped out.

A widow in Pittsburg, on the advice of one of her late husband's business friends who was in the coal business, made $10,000 by an investment in some Pittsburg coal securities. She was able to do this because her friend knew all the details of the business. Just about this time Amalgamated Copper stock was going up. She read about it in the newspapers. Without asking advice she invested $8000 of her money in copper. Then she settled down to watch the newspapers. One day she saw that this stock was rapidly going down, as frequently happens even with good stocks. Each day she saw that it went down more. She became frantic, and, fearing that all

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of her investment might be lost, she hurriedly gave orders to sell all her copper stock to realize the best possible amount of money under the circumstances. What was the result? She lost more than half of her money, and the next day the stock began to go up strong. She simply had plunged into this whole business without seeking advice.

More women have lost their savings through getting excited over newspaper reports and by hearsay than almost in any other way.

A woman not long ago went to the office of a New York investment broker and said she had $8600 to invest. She said that she had heard a lot about Japanese bonds and would like to invest in them if the broker thought they were good. He said they were an excellent investment, yielding almost six per cent. So she invested the $8600. The investment proved highly satisfactory. She came in six months later with $5000, and her broker invested this for her in high-class municipal bonds, that were legal savings-bank investment. But these bonds are not listed in the list of bonds quoted on the Stock Exchange. One day not long after this woman came rushing into the broker's office, exclaiming:

"I am ruined!"

On being asked the reason she said:

"I have been watching the papers every day for prices on those last bonds and I can't find any. A friend of mine told me that if bonds were not mentioned in the newspapers they were no good."

The broker, whose house was of the highest class, promptly assured the lady that he would buy the bonds back at the price she paid for them if she was not satisfied. But his explanation about the listing reassured her.

Yet it is a woman, Mrs. Hetty Green, who is regarded as one of the shrewdest and most successful investors in the United States. She has an office with the Chemical National Bank in New York. When the salesmen for bond houses come to sell her bonds, she can sometimes tell them more about the investment than they themselves can. If it is a railroad bond she knows all about the capitalization; the bonded debt; its reorganization; in fact, its whole financial history. For years she has made a careful study of the bond business.

If you should ask Mrs. Green the ideal and safest investment for women she would very probably say:

"Put your money in the first mortgage bonds of first-class railroads and in real-estate mortgages."

Her own strong boxes are filled with this kind of securities.

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

A Country Printing Shop

FIVE years ago I was the publisher of a small country weekly, in an interior Michigan town of eighteen hundred people. Although I carried only a small force—a foreman, two girl compositors and a devil—the town did not afford enough work in the way of job printing to keep them busy all the time.

While on a visit to the metropolis of the State I met an old friend, engaged in the laundry business. He got to talking about the large amount he had to spend for printing in the shape of laundry slips, billheads and envelopes. I began to figure with him on his work, and quickly found that, owing to the fact that I paid my help from six to twelve dollars a week, while city employing printers had to pay from ten to eighteen dollars for the same class of help, I could afford to do this class of work for from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. less than the laundryman was paying, and still make a good profit.

The only question was the quality of my work. I secured a trial order from my friend on condition that he need not pay a cent for it if the work was not entirely satisfactory.

At the end of the week I shipped his order, and three days later I received his acknowledgment, with the cordially expressed information that the work entirely suited him.

From that beginning I secured all his job printing, and, a month later, made the rounds of half a dozen other laundry firms, carrying samples of my work and quoting prices that strongly appealed to them. A day's soliciting enabled me to take home orders enough to keep my little country shop busy for a month. To catch up with my trade I had to hire two more hands. Then I hustled to the city for more orders to keep the new hands busy. I exercised all caution to see that the outside work was the equal of city work in every way. I added a new press and some other new machinery.

At the end of six months I found I was doing five hundred dollars more in job work every month than I had ever done before. Then I put a solicitor on the road to visit the large cities of the State for trade.

At the end of a year my job printing business was bringing me in over eleven hundred dollars a month, I had added eighteen hundred dollars' worth of new machinery and type, and I was keeping a force of nine hands busy.

During the second year of my experiment I added an engraving plant to my establishment. The trade continued to grow, so that my books showed a business of nineteen hundred dollars a month, and mine became the chief industry of the town.

At the end of the third year I was doing a business of twenty-four hundred dollars a month, but the lure of life in the city drew me away from my profitable country business, and I sold out my paper, plant and trade for ten thousand dollars. My original investment had been just eighteen hundred and fifty dollars. —*H. T. G.*

Sunflower Stalks as Fuel

TWO years ago I began business for myself as a wholesale kindling-wood dealer. While working as a grocer's delivery boy I had learned the demand there was for kindling-wood. Our customers bought all our empty boxes for kindling, and the supply of boxes did not half meet the demand. The kindling-wood problem seemed to be a burning issue with the people of our city, and I resolved to help them solve it.

I had been raised on a Nebraska farm, and I knew the value of dry sunflower stalks as kindling-wood. Wild sunflowers spring up voluntarily on waste or untilled ground, and in Kansas and Nebraska soil grow eight or ten feet high. The large, woody stalks when dry burn quickly and with intense heat.

Sunflower "patches" were, at one time, common, but farm land is valuable now and the obnoxious sunflower has been almost exterminated. Only one patch remains in the vicinity of our city. This tract of waste land, known as the "big slough," is low and boggy, and at times in the year partially covered with water. On the dryer portions of the swamp sunflowers grow in profusion. In late summer the swamp is a gorgeous expanse of yellow blossoms. When frost comes the blossoms have died away, the leaves fall, and the bare, straight stalks dry out in the autumn sun and wind.

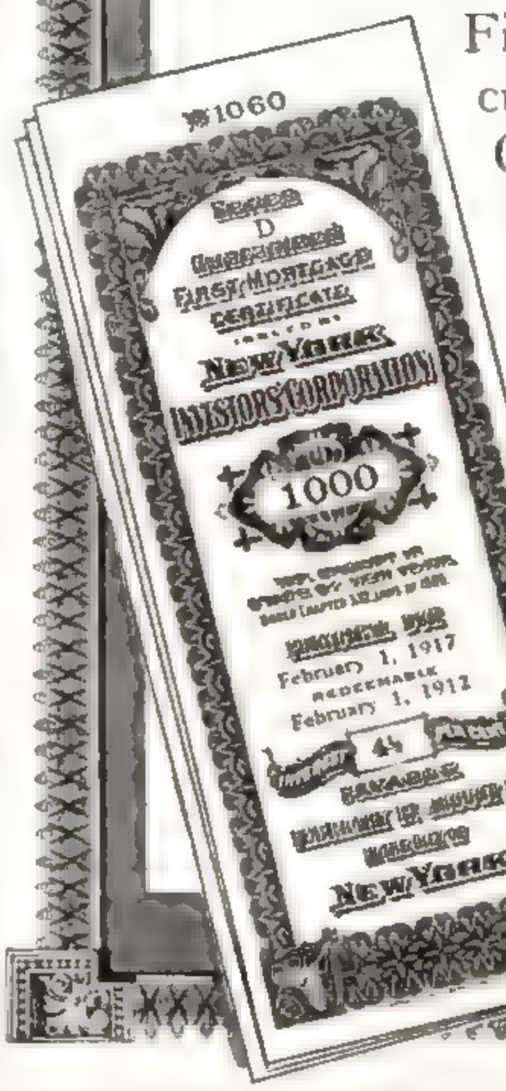
The "big slough" belongs to an eccentric non-resident who will neither drain the land nor offer it for sale. In answer to my letter offering to buy the exclusive right to cut dry sunflower stalks he wrote that he would grant me such right, gratis, as long as sunflowers grew on the land, provided I would tell him what I expected to do with them. I explained to him my plans in full, and, at his request, I have written him frequently, reporting the success of my venture.

The stalks are harvested between the first of December and the first of May. The work of cutting them into pieces eighteen inches long and binding them with wire into bundles is performed by a very simple machine invented for the purpose by a mechanic of our city.

Each bundle retails for ten cents and contains enough kindling to last an average family one week. Every grocer in the city handles our kindling. We do a strictly wholesale business.

We sold last year in round numbers 30,000 bundles, netting me over fifteen hundred dollars for my year's work. We estimate that we supplied about six hundred

Do You Wish the Safest Investment There Is?



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176 Broadway, New York City
175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn

Capital and Surplus $11,000,000

Economy of time—labor—money—is the secret of business success. The greatest office economizer TO-DAY is the

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER

(ALL the Writing ALWAYS in Sight.)

Its simple construction economizes time; its easy operation economizes labor; its speed, accuracy, and durability economize money.

Many exclusive economizing features have created for the L. C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter a demand which the factories cannot meet.

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Send for free illustrated catalogue.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

BRANCH STORES AND EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Burglary Stopped!

Our system makes your home as safe as though guarded by a file of soldiers. Lock picking, sawing, cutting glass or "jimmying" impossible. Gives instant notification, of the least tampering or attempt to enter. The system tells you that the burglar is outside and keeps him there. Can be fitted to doors and windows by anyone, without disturbing existing attachments. Only $12 equips an average bedroom.

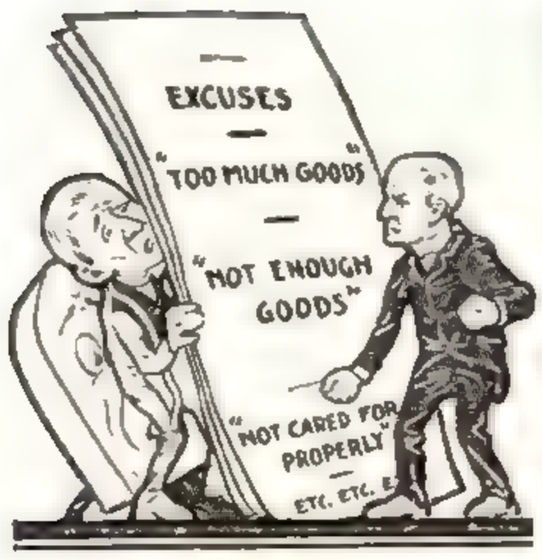
Send postal today for booklet, "An Invincible Watch Dog" and further information

Dayton Protection System Company, Dept. L, 443-7 E. 1st St., Dayton, O

BUSINESS MANAGER WANTED

In Every County of the U. S.

I want a live man who can manage my business in his county. He must be honest, reliable and of good habits. I have a fine article, the Barbridge Sanitary Cistern Filter and want a county manager to carry only one sample and appointing agents and taking orders. A good man can make from $2,000 to $5,000 per year. He must be willing to work hard after he gets started, as the county manager may handle my goods on the side and make a large profit per month if he is willing. When he gets his county organized he can devote all his time to the business which I am offering in a very liberal contract to him. The Barbridge Sanitary Filter makes cistern water pure, clean and sweet. It removes the taste and odor, and prevents sediment and germs from entering the water. Special valve to sponge and strain the water and also the wet and sand, while the old pumps it. Contaminated cistern water is fever germs. The filter prevents anything from reaching the cistern that can make you sick. Used by physicians and boards of health. But a few agents are wanted in each county. If you are willing to work and are not afraid of hard work and can do things, address GEO. L. COLBURN Pekin Illinois.



The Tailor's Excuses

A Confession

WE tailors are great people.
We're never Stuck for an Excuse.
If the Collar Sags away from the Neck—
There's not enough Goods in the back of the Coat, therefore the Collar is "pulled" away
We'll alter That—
But we don't do a thing except to Stretch the Fabric with the Hot Flat Iron until it almost Shricks
Then, Mr Collar fits Close to the Neck until the "Stretch" in the back of the Coat "fades" away.

• • •

If the Suit doesn't fit at the Try-On
We say "Tailoring's a Game of Chance"
"Perhaps the Very Best Tailor *may* make *one* perfect fitting Suit in twenty" so we're not to Blame for this Misfit—but we'll soon put it to rights
Then we make a few alterations—
—By means of Old Dr Goose, *not* by remaking the Suit as we Should
And when the Suit comes back at the end of a Fortnight or a Month as it surely will
Terribly Twisted
We look Wise—
And insinuate that Mr. Wearer doesn't quite understand how to care for a Suit—
—And promptly pass it over to Old Dr. Goose to Sweat and Press and Shrink and Stretch the Old Thing into Shape again.

• • •

Of Course all Suits are not treated in that way—
A Few Suits are "Excuse Free"
"Sincerity" Suits for instance—
"Sincerity" Suits haven't that Sag in the Back of the Collar—nor the Wrinkle underneath—
"Sincerity" Suits haven't any Bulging Lapels—Drooping Shoulders—Twisted arms—
"Sincerity" Suits will fit to perfection and hold their Shape Permanently—
—For "Sincerity" Suits are cut and Tailored by Experts—Specialists in their various lines—
Old Dr. Goose isn't required to "Dope" a Shape into a "Sincerity" Suit—not much—
—For the Shape is Sewn into the Fabric by Expert Needleworkers instead—an experienced but Sure Way of making Clothes to fit and hold their shape,
Yet a "Sincerity" Suit—with its permanent Style and Shape—doesn't Cost *you* a penny more than the "Excuse Kind"—the shape of which fades away in a week.
See "Sincerity" Suits at your high-grade ready-to-put-on Clothing dealer's—Examine "Sincerity" Suits whether you buy or not—and look for the Label below in the Coat. It guarantees Style, Service and Satisfaction.

families with kindling-wood. There are perhaps ten thousand families in our city who use kindling, but our business is limited by the supply of sunflower stalks.

—*F. J. L.*

Landing a Big Order

I HAD just started on the road for a machinery concern and had been after the buyer for a large abattoir who was buying a complete plant for their new building, so I had a great deal of competition from older and more experienced salesmen; and as I was only nineteen years old I did not have a great deal of confidence in myself.

However, I sized up my man as being fair and level-headed, and, as he was from a distance, I watched for a chance to win his confidence. The chance came suddenly.

I had quoted on a large share of the outfit required, and as our price was rather high, compared to other prices he had received, he told me he felt he should place his order with another concern, but offered to buy from me a small article worth twenty-five dollars to pay for my trouble in calling on him.

Now, we did not manufacture this machine, so there was only a commission to be got out of the deal, and, besides, they had not given the best of satisfaction. I said to him: "Mr. ——, I don't want to sell you this machine. I can't guarantee it, so I would rather you did not buy it."

Immediately he leaned across his desk and said, "Book my order for the complete outfit quoted on."

Later he told me that, as he was a stranger to all of us, he felt he could afford to pay us more for our goods in return for the fair treatment he received from us.

So I risked an order for twenty-five dollars and won an order for a great deal more, and, you may be sure, I felt pleased when the other salesmen asked me how I landed the business, as they thought him very hard to get around. —*J. W. R.*

Baiting the Piano Buyer

I HAD lost all of my earnings through sickness and speculation, and I was forced to do something drastic to recuperate my fallen finances. My board was paid for one week in advance, and I had but nine dollars left and was without a situation. The outlook was indeed desperate, and, as I hastily scanned the want column, my eye fell on the following advertisement:

> Fifty dollars in cash paid for the name and address of a prospective piano purchaser. Address or call

The name and address of a well-known piano firm were given, and I determined to go and get the details, thinking that possibly I might find a purchaser, and I accordingly proceeded to the piano dealers.

They were very courteous, and gave me an explanation about like this: If I secured them the name and address of a person wanting to purchase a piano, they would send a representative of their firm to try and sell them a piano manufactured by the firm who had advertised. If the representative succeeded in making a sale I would receive fifty dollars cash for the information.

This proposition set me thinking, and I soon formulated a plan whereby I could procure names and addresses of people who wanted to buy a piano with little effort on my part.

I put the following ad. in all the morning papers:

> $650 piano, to be sold at a great sacrifice; excellent condition; no reasonable offer rejected. No agents considered. Opportunity of a lifetime.

The advertising cost me a little over four dollars, and, as you may guess, I had no piano whatever, but merely inserted the ad. to get the names of prospective buyers.

I received in all twenty-six answers from the different newspaper boxes, and I copied the signatures and addresses on a piece of paper and proceeded to the piano dealers. They were a most progressive and energetic firm, for, out of the twenty-six names I submitted, they succeeded in selling seven pianos; and I duly received three hundred and fifty dollars, with the congratulations of the firm.

I got my applicants by the use of this simple advertising method several times, and it always netted me from three to five hundred dollars.

At last the firm agreed to sign a contract to pay me fifty dollars per week if I would divulge my method, which I did.

In two years I had a third interest in the business, and afterward went into the piano business by myself. I have been exceptionally successful, and I do not care who makes use of my little stratagem, because I have retired and believe in giving some one else the benefit of my experience.

—*E. A. G.*

Putting On a Polish

WHEN I left England eight years ago to come to this country I had just fifty dollars in my pocket after paying my passage. I was a carriage painter by trade and intended to work at that business here; but when I went out to look for work I learned that there was a strike on between the masters and men, and I was first advised and then warned to keep away from the shops until the trouble was over.

As my money was going all the time I determined to try something else for a while. So I mixed a small quantity of my best furniture polish and tried to sell it from house to house. But I soon learned that there had been so many bogus articles of that nature foisted on to the women that they were now afraid to buy, although many of them admitted that they needed just such an article. Here, then, was a condition. The question was, could I meet it?

I began to make inquiries and learned something else: that the people of the country were all so busy and in such a hurry that they had no time to attend to painting and polishing old furniture; when it got too shabby or otherwise out of repair it was boosted into the attic or barn, and more new furniture bought to take the place of it. I was much surprised when I learned how very cheap lots of that stuff could be bought—carloads of it, and at some places I could have it for the taking away. At this point I decided to take a hand in the game.

I began by buying a few pieces, fixing them up and putting them into a second-hand store to be sold on commission, and did very well. I admit that my skill as a painter and polisher had something to do with my success, but the opportunity was there just the same and was being passed by and overlooked. Moreover, these conditions prevail in most of the cities and towns of this country to-day.

At the end of the first year we were so cramped for room that I had to move. I rented a much larger place, and added piano polishing to our line, hired another man, and had a telephone put in. Then we began to get calls to send a man to the houses to polish up generally, which, if well done, is profitable business.

—*G. H. J*

Pay Dirt Both Ways

WHEN I first entered business as a grading contractor in the West, competition was unusually keen in the city in which I was located, and the way contractors were cutting prices on one another it was only a question of time when some one would go broke. As I was one of the youngest contractors in the city and one with small capital, many of the older men in the business expected me to throw up the sponge. But I fooled them.

This is how I did it: The moment a job of excavating was advertised to be bid upon I started on a still hunt to sell the dirt contained in the space to be excavated. I possessed a persuasive tongue in those days and some little knowledge of landscape gardening, and wherever I saw a yard below the level of the street I managed to sell from fifty to two hundred yards of dirt. As I always bargained to level it off nicely, put the black earth on top, and when finished to sow the yard in grass free of extra charge, I often got as much for the dirt as I got for removing it.

I was always careful to do a neat job, and people whose yards I had thus filled in told their neighbors, until it was quite a usual thing for some one to 'phone me to know when I would have more dirt to sell in their particular locality. I kept the names of all these prospective customers in a book, and often when I bid on a job of excavating I could look at this book and tell just how far I would have to haul each yard of the dirt and the price I would get for it.

—*W. D. B.*

Summer Styles are Ready

If you wish to realize the satisfaction that comes with wearing stylish and well fitting clothes, write for our Summer Style Book and samples of materials—sent free

Our extremely low prices make it possible for every woman to be faultlessly dressed in the latest New York Styles.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

Money refunded if we fail to please you.

Suspender Suits

are the latest innovation. For [illegible] made to order from fine [illegible] at from $5 [illegible] combined with one of our moderate priced shirt waists they form an ideal Summer outfit

Our Catalogue Illustrates and Describes:

Suspender Suits,	$5.00 to $15.00
Tailored Suits,	$7.50 to $25.00
Short Waist Suits,	$6.00 to $20.00
Silk Suits,	$8.75 to $20.00
Jumper Suits,	$8.00 to $20.00
Skirts,	$3.50 to $15.00
Jackets,	$6.00 to $20.00
Rain Coats,	$8.75 to $18.00
Shirt-Waists,	98 cents to $4.98
Muslin Underwear,	24 cents to $3.98
Wash Dresses,	$2.95 to $8.95
Black Silk Coats,	$4.98 to $14.75

Write to-day for our Catalogue of Summer Styles and Samples of materials, sent FREE by return mail

National Cloak & Suit Co.

214 West 24th St., New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

Mail Orders Only *No Agents or Branches*

Hot Water Runs Before Your Match Goes Out

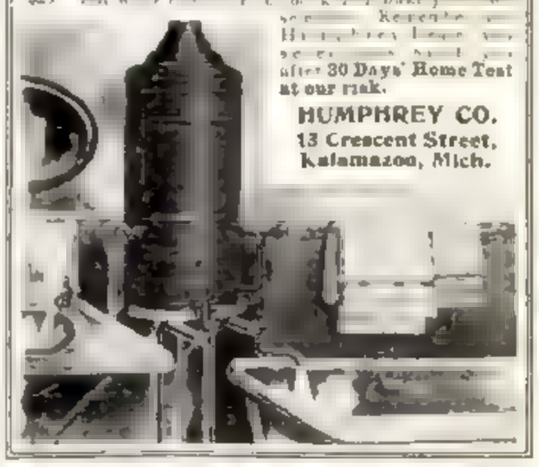
Gas burns only while hot water runs. Shutting off water shuts off gas—no waste of gas—no limit to water supply.

The Humphrey Instantaneous Bath Water Heater

will last a lifetime. Can't get out of order. Can be installed wherever there is water and gas supply. To prove that it is the cheapest and most satisfactory source of hot water, we will send it to any householder, freight prepaid,

On 30 Days' Free Home Test.

If it doesn't make good, [illegible] as represented in our **Guarantee**, return it and get your money back without delay or argument. For general use we recommend [illegible] Heater No. [illegible], price $29. [illegible] after 30 Days' Home Test at our risk.



HUMPHREY CO.
13 Crescent Street,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

I want everyone to try

C. MASPERO'S

Pure Olive Oil. It is not only the purest but is also the finest quality and the sweetest and most delicate flavored Olive Oil in the world.

It will be a positive revelation to all users of other [illegible]. You do not really know what good Olive Oil is until you have tried Maspero's

Pure Olive Oil

Buy a trial can and compare it with what you are now using—that is all I ask—I know that you will never use any other once you have tried Maspero's

[illegible] Dept. of Agriculture and [illegible] for the [illegible] Chemists [illegible] CANS—1 gal $1 [illegible] $2.95

Special Offer—To introduce this Olive Oil we will send a full pint can to any address EXPRESS PREPAID, on receipt of 60c

C. MASPERO, Importer, Dept. S, 233 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(*Pure Food Specialist and Lux. Expert.*) Est 1867

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit" SUMMER UNDERWEAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

lets your body breathe. Through the tiny holes in the fabric your skin gets a veritable air bath.

¶ Why perspire and suffer acute discomfort in closely-knit, heating undergarments when *Porosknit* cools, ventilates, cleanses, absorbs moisture, banishes odor, dries immediately, keeps you feeling fresh and fragrant the live-long day?

¶ Remember that true comfort in Summer **lies next to the skin.** Wear air-free *Porosknit* to keep your spirits up and your temperature down.

50 Cents Retail—Made In All Styles

¶ Ask your dealer and look for the label *Porosknit* on every garment. Take no "just as good." No fabric on the market is like it. Free sample and booklet "INSIDE INFORMATION" sent if you write.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 WASHINGTON STREET, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

If You Are Deaf—Read This

That "Truth is stranger than fiction" is most forcibly illustrated in the case of Mr. Geo. P. Way, for many years the chief mechanician of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., in the accidental discovery he made of a scientific principle through the application of which his lost hearing was completely restored.

GEO. P. WAY, Inventor

For 25 years Mr. Way was a deaf man, unable to hear. He was thus cut across the path of active participation in social life. For him, as for every deaf person, life was a gloomy, individual matter. He was so deaf he could scarcely hear the roar of his engines or his dynamos. For ten years he carried an ear trumpet, and had tried every device known; had almost constantly been under medical treatment in the vain effort to get back his hearing. Today he hears perfectly, yet when he removes two tiny devices from his ears, he is quite as badly off as before—he is again deaf. The story of his discovery, which restored his hearing, is remarkable.

As Mr. Way tells it, he was at his post in the dynamo room one day, and as the buzzing in his ears bothered him more than usual, he placed a curiously shaped tuft of waste in his right ear. Immediately in the midst of the silence that is the misery of one shut off from the sounds of the busy world, there came a crashing sound, and Mr. Way bounded across the room terror-stricken. Unconsciously he pulled the tuft of waste from his ear. Instantly he returned to the silence that had enveloped him for years. The sound of the machinery came to him as far away. There he realized the truth—he had found a scientific principle which would give him back his hearing. For five years he experimented, constantly testing his accidental discovery to practical use. He studied the construction of the human ear from every standpoint. At last complete success crowned his efforts. The Way Ear Drum was the result of the years of his hearing. Others heard of the marvel, and he was overwhelmed with requests for the little devices.

Wealthy business men in Detroit, who had known Mr. Way for years, and the marvelous results which his invention had brought gave him financial backing, to extend the blessings which his wonderful ear drums bring to those who suffer from impaired hearing and deafness. Thousands have been sold in every part of the world, as one pair of the drums in any locality produces many other sales. *Nine persons out of every ten who have used the Way Ear Drums have benefited by them.*

The Way Ear Drum is a thoroughly scientific device. It is of peculiar sensitive material shaped to exactly fit the opening to the inner ear. It is easily and quickly placed and removed; cannot collapse, is *entirely unseen and unworn*, is very durable, and it *does bring back the hearing.* Don't judge the Way Ear Drum by any other ear device. It is distinctively different in principle. If you are deaf or "hard of hearing," if your hearing is becoming dull, if you have "noises in the head," write a plain letter telling your troubles to Mr. Way. He was deaf himself and knows. He will be honest and frank with you, and will tell you whether the Way Ear Drum will help you. It costs you nothing to find out. Write today—tomorrow never comes. Write personally to Geo. P. Way, 500 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

SMITH & WESSON
THE THOROUGH-BRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD
Look for the Smith & Wesson Monogram on Handle and Frame
A MOST POPULAR MODEL
SMITH & WESSON Catalog—"The Revolver"—sent on request
SMITH & WESSON
35 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS

The grasp of the clasp is easy. It's flat—the only absolutely flat clasp garter is the Brighton. Millions of men know this—buy them and wear them. The wear is there, and they cost only a quarter a pair. Remember it.

Brightons are made of pure silk web. The patterns are new, exclusive—variety enough to satisfy everybody. All metal parts are of heavy nickel-plated brass. If your dealer can't supply you, a pair will be sent upon receipt of price

Pioneer Suspender Co., 718 Market St., Philadelphia

Makers of PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Split Hairs

A MAN who couldn't shave himself with any safety razor in the market, invented the RAZAC—the new Ready Razor. Nothing to it but shave.

He developed a new principle in holder and blade adjustment, but in the blade itself, he kept to the idea of a rigid piece of Swedish steel, as in the old horn handled "Wostenholm," handed down by his grandfather, because that is the only way to get a perfect shaving edge.

The paper thin blade or the perforated blade *will vibrate, will hook* into hairs and *split* them off instead of cutting sharp and clean. Take two hairs and place under a microscope—one from a RAZAC shaving and one from any other safety razor. Note the cleanness of the RAZAC cut; see how the other hair is split.

Anyone can use a RAZAC. A clean, cool shave no matter how tough or wiry the beard. No skill required, no care of blade or holder, no stropping, no honing, no trouble at all.

RAZAC

THE NEW READY RAZOR

Nothing to it but Shave

The price of the RAZAC is **$3.50.** Try it for thirty days and if at the end of that time for any reason you are willing to part with it we will refund your money. Good drug stores, cutlery and hardware dealers want RAZACS faster than we can make them.

Send for the new little RAZAC Book. It explains and illustrates everything you'd like to know about shaving. You needn't enclose any stamps. Just say you want the book.

HAPGOODS SALES CO.

Suite 101, 305 Broadway, New York

The Man Who Most

appreciates

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

is he who has tried others first.

Send 4 cents in stamps for trial stick in nickeled box.

(Enough for a month's shaving)

Colgate & Co., Dept. P

55 John St., New York

STEEL SWINGS

Every part a spring. Rests the 9. Richly ornamented. Noiseless. Fine Canopy. First each town at WHOLESALE. Finest motion in the world. Write quick.

D. H. BAUSMAN, Bausman, Pa.

16 Post Street (Lancaster Co.)

THE MAYFAIR ACCOUNT

(Continued from Page 18)

I don't believe he can last much longer. It will be discovered."

"Isn't there anything you can do, Tommy?" she asked, her brows drawn.

"No, nothing," he said. "He couldn't get out of the hole now to save his life. He's much too far in. There's nothing I can do—but just wait. The market may turn in time."

Bessie came in. Lowndes reached out his arms, hugged the girl close, pulled her down on his knee. He was not usually a demonstrative man, and his wife understood. He was putting himself in Wakefield's place; imagining how it would be if he stood in the shadow of the penitentiary—and so was insatiably hungry to have his children close in his arms.

Lower and lower the stock market dropped. Lowndes' hands moved as before, but his occupation changed. He could no longer deal his endless deck of checks mechanically. It became a strange game of faro in which he was both dealer and player. As he slipped off the strips of paper one by one his tense nerves were always watching to see whether the next one would be brown and signed Thomas N. Mayfair—just as dealer and player glue their hot eyes to the faro-box to see whether the next card disclosed will be the one bet on. And he helplessly thought of it as a game played for souls.

Always he furtively had the assistant cashier under his eye—dashing, brilliant as ever. Probably only Lowndes noticed how he twisted and gnawed his mustache; how restless his feet and hands were. "I'm playing for him," Lowndes thought.

One day, leaving the bank, he came upon Mrs. Wakefield. She had evidently come down for her husband in their automobile and was waiting at the curb. She smiled and leaned out to shake hands. Perhaps she remembered that it was five years since she had seen her husband's old-time and humble friends. At any rate, as she asked about Mary and the children, Lowndes seemed to read something contrite, sweet and womanly behind her mask. She was still a notably handsome person, appearing hardly over thirty, although their own boy was only a year younger than Billy.

Looking up at her, in his commonplace bagginess, it came to Lowndes how much her keep cost; what it meant in a man's effort and fight to preserve the smooth freshness of her cheeks; to set her up and maintain her in this bloom and state. "It's for such a woman that a man does such things," he thought, as he trudged away. "No doubt he's as much infatuated with her as ever. Poor devil!" The market had acted badly that day.

This was the twelfth of July. The fifteenth loomed very large and ominous to the family in the high, small flat. They couldn't see how Billy could go to school unless the advance came.

"He hasn't said anything?" Mrs. Lowndes asked breathlessly, when her husband came home.

"No," said Lowndes. "I can't say anything to him, either, Mary—nor to Placey—knowing what I do. It would be a sort of theft to urge them to give me a raise. Dave must be awfully in the hole."

"Tommy!" She abruptly threw her arm around him. "We mustn't sit still this way. You won't get the raise unless you strike for it. Billy can't go to school without it. You were simply mistaken, dear. There is a Thomas N. Mayfair. It isn't Wakefield at all!"

"Yes, I know," he replied with a doleful smile. "That's the way Placey would meet it. That's the way Dave would meet it. But I can't do that."

Her arm dropped from his shoulder. "No, you can't, Tommy," she said. "We're not of that breed."

The fifteenth was hot and still in the city. The big bank was nearly empty all day. For three days now the stock market had been dull, but steady, even advancing a little. The newspaper reviews were talking more hopefully.

One of Lowndes' duties as assistant to the paying-teller was to hand out the salary envelopes to the clerks. He saw there was a note in Rogers' envelope; saw the triumphant smile with which the recipient read it. He knew what that meant. His own envelope contained only the usual amount. There was no advance for him. Rogers got the place of paying-teller. Lowndes put the money in his pocket, and his heart was leaden.

"You oughtn't to have treated me that way, Dave," he thought. "You haven't been fair to me."

Entering the tiny hall he found his wife waiting for him. He answered the anxious question in her eyes by simply shaking his head, and he saw her, stout champion that she was, droop under the blow. She slipped her arm around him for comfort. He kissed her brow.

They were forlorn—an unpromoted clerk and his wife, with Billy's chance for school dashed. But even in the forlornness they felt an immeasurable superiority over Placey and Wakefield; felt that they were of those who held the world together.

Next day Lowndes went soberly back to dealing his checks. It was the fourth day in which none signed Thomas N. Mayfair had appeared. The market was creeping up a little.

Slowly the advance gathered headway. The reviews talked more and more about fine crop prospects, big railroad earnings. By the middle of August the bulls were in full control.

Lowndes had little enough to guide him. He kept in his head the total of the Mayfair checks that had come in since the first of June. He thought this must be about the amount of Wakefield's defalcation. He knew about how much the leading stocks had declined from then. Every day now he noticed how much they advanced. The twenty-second of August the hard-coalers ran up six points. To Lowndes' intent eyes Wakefield was a new man. He visibly scintillated with the gayety of success. Yet Lowndes waited three more days. He could not take upon his head the risk of moving too soon.

The twenty-fifth he watched for his chance. Mr. Placey left the bank early, evidently in good humor. The two vice-presidents dropped out; then the cashier; then an assistant cashier. This left only Wakefield and two others on the quarter-deck. Thither Lowndes trudged, and took the vacant chair by Wakefield's desk.

The assistant cashier colored slightly. He and Tommy had not met, save for a brief passing nod, since the fifteenth of July. Nevertheless he spoke jocularly:

"Hello, Tommy!"

Lowndes did not respond to the gay air. "What do you think of the stock market, Dave?" he asked soberly.

It was a relief. Wakefield had expected something about that salary advance. He laughed. "Not short, are you?" he joked.

"No, I'm not short," Lowndes replied, as soberly as before. "What do you think of it?"

The assistant cashier leaned toward him, all his nervous energy shining in his eyes.

"Why, Tommy, my boy," he said, under his breath, "it's the chance of a lifetime! This advance has only begun. I'll tell you something that I know for a fact. Placey and his pals are buying three hundred thousand shares. When the big fellows pitch in that way you can bet they know their ground. You'll see stocks going up for six months at least—thirty, forty, fifty dollars a share. I tell you it's the chance of a lifetime!" Perhaps he owed his old-time friend something—and perhaps here was a way of paying. "Thinking of getting in, Tommy?" he asked, quite softly.

Lowndes was looking him in the eye, and met his question with another: "You're not selling, then?"

The direct question was annoying—another instance of Tommy's hopeless inaptness. But Wakefield was too elated, the fever to win burned too hotly in his blood, to mind that much.

"I'm hanging on to every share," he said, still lower; and he added, with his brilliant smile: "I'm going to buy more tomorrow."

"I can't let you do it, Dave," said the clerk soberly.

This was incredible enough. Wakefield simply stared into Lowndes' mild blue eyes.

"I've known about the Mayfair account for some time," said Lowndes gravely. "You must close it up."

The blood rushed over Wakefield's face, and as quickly departed, leaving him white and savage. "What business is that of yours?" he demanded menacingly. At the moment he was merely a hungry dog whose bone is threatened.

COUPON BOND

Have you ever noticed the clean, beautiful appearance of certain letters, and the unkempt, down at the heel appearance of others?

It's All in the Paper

To have your letters look "right" you must have the paper that's made right.

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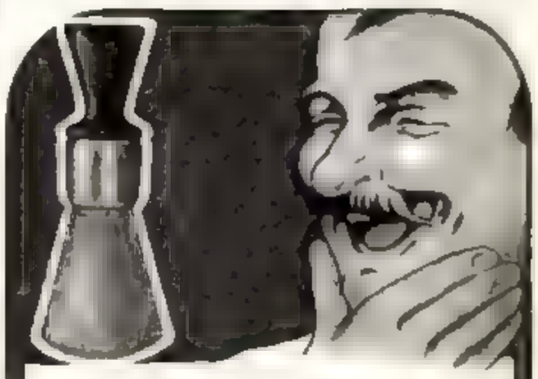

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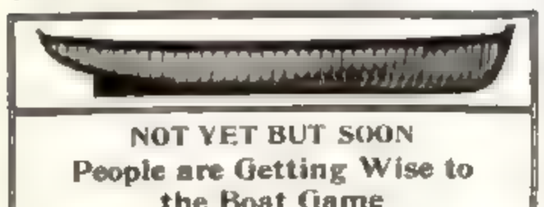

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"I kept still all summer, Dave," Lowndes replied mildly, "when I knew you were so far in the hole that you couldn't get out. Now you can get out. You can sell your stocks and repay all the money you've—borrowed. And you must do it."

For a moment Wakefield had the disconcerting sense of being helplessly pushed into a corner. "You don't understand it, Tommy," he began confusedly. "My expenses are something awful—keeping our end up. We can't live on my salary. I want to be a rich man. Nell, like a woman, expects those things. I want her to have them. I want the children to have them."

"I was thinking about them, Dave," Lowndes replied—"thinking about them when I kept still—thinking how it would be if you went to the penitentiary."

"Well—I didn't go," said Wakefield, and wetted his lips. "See here, Tommy. I've got a fortune at the tips of my fingers. I must grab it while I can. You've been a good fellow, Tommy." He gave a short laugh. "Another clerk would have rushed to Placey and taken his reward!"

"Oh, I don't think so," Lowndes argued mildly. "The world is full of good, honest, kindly people."

"Who are mostly broke," said Wakefield. "See here, Tommy. I'll put you up in the bond department to-morrow, at a hundred and fifty a month."

Lowndes shook his head. "Not while Mayfair is alive, Dave," he said. "You don't understand it. To give you a chance I've kept my mouth shut while I've been taking the bank's wages. I've taken Mayfair in here." He touched his breast. "I want him out. I want him dead."

"I'll put you up in the bond department," Wakefield replied.

"That's impossible, Dave," said Lowndes. "If I go on taking the bank's wages now I must go to Mr. Placey with this. Don't you see that?"

Again Wakefield wetted his lips. "I tell you I've got to have the fortune. Be sensible, now. It's really none of your business, you know."

"It must be my business—if I go on taking the bank's wages," said Lowndes.

A quite wolfish gleam shone in the assistant cashier's brilliant eyes. "Well, get out, then. I'll accept your resignation."

There was a little silence after this. "The penitentiary, you said," Wakefield went on. "Do you suppose I needed to think about it? It was right there at my elbow all summer. After I went through that do you suppose I'm going to give up when it's all coming my way? Go to Placey, if you like. I'll stand by my deal."

"Of course," said Lowndes quietly, "I wouldn't go to Mr. Placey simply to revenge myself on you, Dave. So far as I see now, if my connection with the bank ends my responsibility ends, too."

"Take the bond department job."

"I'd rather resign than go on taking the bank's wages and keep still."

"Resign, then," said Wakefield, as one says "Die!"

It was three weeks after this, and just before the beginning of the college year, that Lowndes, trudging up the narrow stairs, had news for his wife.

"Well, I've got a job," he said.

"Yes, Tommy?" she answered, with the brightest air she could summon.

"Head bookkeeper in a coal office," he explained. But he didn't mention the important thing.

She, too, hesitated over that, but summoned her courage. "And the pay, Tommy?"

"It's eighty-five dollars a month—to begin on," he added hopefully.

She leaned to his breast. "Tommy, I've been thinking it all over. I've been talking with Billy, too. He must do for himself. He must take the cheaper school and work his way through. We can help him a little now and then. He can do it. Other boys do. And we can live over in New Jersey. Bessie won't mind. They're the best children in the world, honey."

"We must do the best we can," he replied. "They are good children."

IV

THE place over in New Jersey had long grown homelike to them. They were fond of the small porch. Lowndes was going leisurely through the evening paper there.

"I see Dave Wakefield has been made first vice-president," he said. "They're building a big place up on the Hudson. I suppose he's very rich."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Lowndes; "and their son a sot at twenty-five."

They were silent, thinking of Billy with full and thankful hearts.

Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

Twenty Winks a Minute

THE average person winks his eyes every three seconds—that is to say, twenty times a minute, or twelve hundred times in an hour. This means that an ordinary day's work for a pair of eyelids is from eighteen to twenty thousand winks.

A wink is accomplished in about one-fiftieth of a second—so quickly that, as anybody may observe for himself, it does not in the slightest degree interrupt continuous vision. But the notion that winking is intended by Nature to give repose to the eyes is a mistake, the object of it being merely to keep the surface of the sensitive little organs constantly moist. The moisture, which is necessary for the health of the eyes, is supplied, of course, by the tears.

For this purpose—that is to say, to keep the eyes continually bathed—considerable quantities of salty water are secreted. The water is flowing all the time, and would pour out over the edges of the eyelids were it not for an oil which is furnished to prevent this. This oil is secreted and supplied by little glands along the rims of the lids. There is also a tear-duct, which carries off the superfluous water and gets rid of it.

The mouth of the tear-duct is plainly visible on the edge of the lower eyelid near the inner corner of the eye. It is a small pipe, which leads down into the throat, so that, when one puts into the eyes anything with a pronounced taste, like cocaine, the flavor of it is presently distinguishable in the mouth.

The eyelids, if closed, are absolutely water-tight. They do not exclude light, however, nearly so well as most people suppose.

Fighting the Money-Eating Bug

THE Government Forest Service expects to save millions of dollars annually for mine-owners in this country by teaching them how to prevent their mine-props from rotting. Insects do most of the mischief, it appears, and the solution of the problem lies in a method which has been found for stopping their depredations.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania alone immense quantities of timber have to be employed for props, the logs required for the purpose being fetched from Maryland and other sources of supply—to be thereupon put to use in a green state, with the bark on. Under such circumstances the material does not last more than six or eight months ordinarily, at the end of which it is pretty thoroughly decayed, and the props have to be replaced. Of course, this costs a good deal of money.

The chief trouble is that the bark of the logs is full of the eggs of boring insects. When they are hatched out, the grubs eat their way into the props, and before long destroy so much of the woody structure that the timbers fall to pieces. A prop that has been exposed to this process for a while is fairly covered on the outside with sawdust, thrown out of their burrows by the busy bugs. It is the bug that eats the hole in the mine-owner's pocket.

The remedy, as ascertained by the Forest Service, lies in removing the bark from the props before they are put into the mine. This disposes of the bugs, no eggs being left to hatch. As an additional preservative precaution, the logs thus made naked are soaked in a trough filled with a solution of creosote—the result being that props thus treated last from twelve to eighteen years, instead of six months.

No Home Need Be "Homely"

In the best regulated Household there are many things, big and little, that need "doing over" once in a while.

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FRAMES, Chandeliers, Parlor Furniture, Bric-a-Brac, etc., show marks of time if neglected.

"Our Favorite" Gold Enamel looks like real gold and keeps its rich color. Can be handled without rubbing off and is washable.

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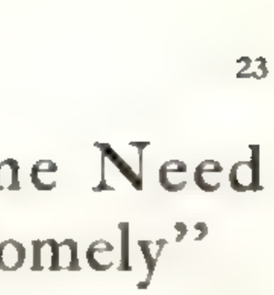

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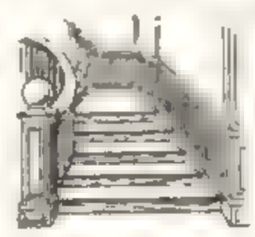

WORN, unsightly Stairs, Floors, Borders, Wainscots, etc., will happen always—must.

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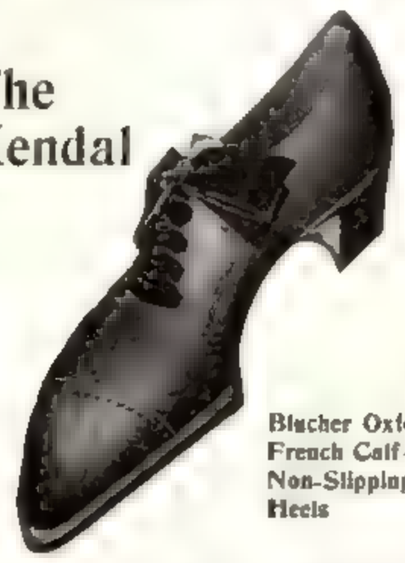

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The Countess Diane

(Continued from Page 15)

came a clamor of men's voices. Yet, woven into the riot there was an alien note which, as it reached the ears of the artist, turned his face a shade paler and produced a peculiar tingling sensation at the nape of his neck. He glanced inquiringly at his companion. Mr. Smalley's face was also a trifle paler than before.

"I heard it then," said he, moistening his lips. "It *may* be a dog, but it sounded like—like——"

"A woman!" said Deane. "Listen!"

They listened intently. The horn redoubled its clamor, the curs likewise, but the sound which had so stirred their pulses was not repeated.

"Where was the girl standing when you left her?" asked Deane.

"Just a little this side of that kitchen door."

Deane's eyes searched every detail of the inclosure. The rough cobbles with which the court was paved presented nothing for examination; the drab wall was equally inscrutable, and looking at the black, narrow windows at the rear of the inn was like peering into so many rat-holes. All conjecture seemed to centre upon the low, back door which apparently opened into the kitchen, whence still proceeded the diabolical clamorings of the horn. Deane walked toward it slowly, observing as he did so that the casement had been newly whitewashed. As his eyes wandered searchingly to the windows above, Smalley, who was standing by his side, studying the door, gripped him fiercely by the arm.

"Look!" said he, pointing at the rough, wooden casement, which was fitted clumsily into the heavy, stone aperture of the door.

Deane looked and his heart gave a tremendous bound, for there, scarring the fresh whitewash of the woodwork, were the prints of four small fingers which had obviously been wrenched away in a vain effort to cling to the rim of the doorway.

The two men exchanged glances. The bony, angular features of Mr. Smalley were set with the grimness of a death-mask, while Deane's more mobile face was quivering with a savage impatience. His clear, gray eyes shone as green as two emeralds.

"That settles it!" said he. "Where's your cursed car?"

"My car——"

"Yes. Have you got a couple of good, heavy spanners?"

The light of comprehension blazed up in the face of Mr. Smalley.

"Oho!" said he. "That's the game. Yes—I've got just what we need. Come on!"

They quickly crossed the court, and Smalley, producing a large key, unlocked the stable door. In a grim silence the two men walked to the inert car and selected from the tool-kit the two big, steel spanners. Not waiting to lock the door again, they recrossed the court, and Deane, stepping to the kitchen door, rapped sharply with the butt of his weapon.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Bread from Stones

DR. ALLERTON S. CUSHMAN and certain other Government scientists believe that they have discovered a method whereby rocks may be ground up and converted into a most valuable fertilizer, all ready for use by the farmers

The minerals employed for the purpose are feldspars, which are exceedingly common in most parts of the world, being the main constituent of granite. In feldspars, it appears, potash—which, as everybody knows, is one of the most necessary of plant-foods—occurs as a silicate. All that is required is to grind the stuff to a fine powder, in which shape it is readily assimilated by the crops.

Potash is one of the three essentials upon which the farmer depends, the others being phosphoric acid and nitrogen. He cannot get along without it, and it is exceedingly unfortunate that the world is obliged to depend for its supply of this precious substance upon Germany, which, in the neighborhood of Stassfurt, possesses enormous deposits of potash salts, the beds of it being hundreds of feet in depth. It is supposed that the stuff was originally laid down in shallow inlets of an ancient sea, the process continuing, perhaps, for millions of years.

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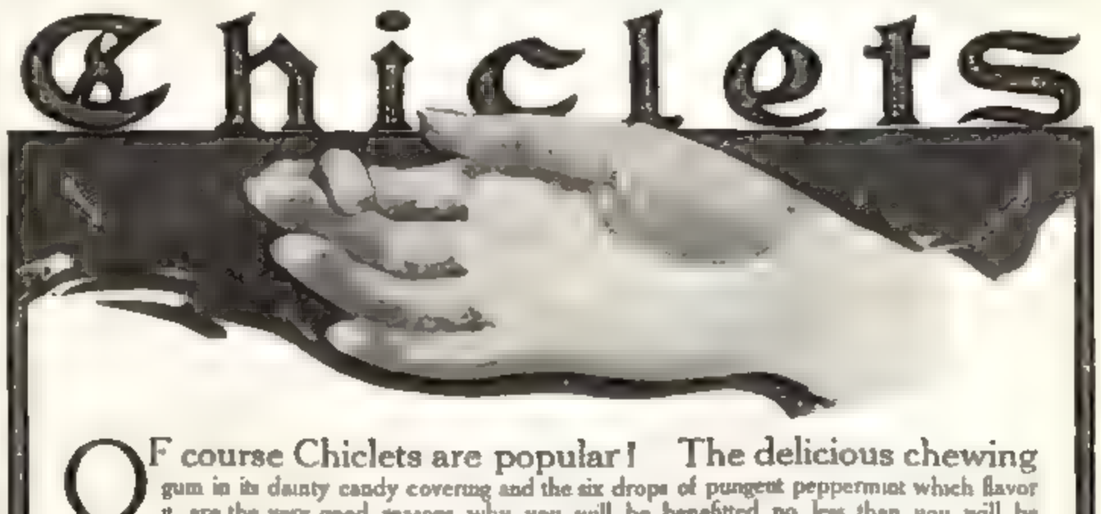

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JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 9)

appetite, for abstaining from a beverage which he regarded as one of the choicest blessings of Providence. So we passed on to other subjects, and under his sympathetic questioning I told him, with judicious reservations, enough of my story to lead him to believe that I was a young man of good family, who, owing to his father's death, had had to leave college and hunt for work.

"A terrible indictment of modern conditions!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "A hellish system, suh, under which a gentleman of birth and breeding, a young man of intelligence and parts, if you will permit me to say it to yo' face, suh, cannot find honorable employment! Perhaps, though at the moment my own circumstances are none too prosperous, I may be able to suggest something. If nothing bettah offers," he added musingly, "there is always Lah Grippah."

"Lah what?" I asked.

"Lah Grippah," he repeated. "My simple remedy fo' simple folks. The name, of course, is an adaptation from the French fo' influenza. I have found it a useful crutch in periods of adversity."

I couldn't believe my ears. "A medicine that you sell?" I questioned.

"Exactly, my dear boy, when all other means of making an honest livelihood fail me temporarily. Not that making money's hard; any child can do that, but keeping it's a grown man's game."

"But selling this Lah Grippah isn't your regular business?" I persisted, a little rudely.

"No, suh," the Major replied. "In my time I've played many parts and many games. But I've never held a marked card, suh, nor dealt from a brace box," and he threw back his head proudly. "In the old days, when the lie was a challenge, and a gentleman, not his lawyers, was the guardian of his honah, I had no need to deal in human weakness. I dealt in human natchah then, suh."

"I suppose, Major," I ventured, bent on finding out what the old fellow really did do for a living, "that the late unpleasantness, which had so much to do with changing these conditions, cost you your property?"

"On the contrary, suh, it didn't cost me a dollar. In fact, though at times I have found myself possessed of considerable sums of ready money, I have never been a man of prope'ty in the strict sense of the word. I abandoned my profession, the law—a jealous mistress, suh, and I was fickle—befo' the wah, as I did not find its practice so lucrative as I had hoped. Fo' some years thereafter I traveled, largely on the Mississippi River. It was the decline in steamboatin', suh, the adoption of less leisurely methods of travel, that cut into my income and fo'ced me to come No'th and engage in trade. Befo' this era of distrust and commercialism one could always find gentlemen ready and anxious to play. But the system has spared nothing, suh. It has debased our national games, even. Sharpers sit around the pokah-table. Invention has busied itself with the faro-box. A sordid and cold-blooded generation yells for the police when asked to take a hand in a little friendly game."

"Yes, I know," I nodded sympathetically. "But after the river played out and faro became an exact science, how did you make out then?"

"In various ways, suh—some good, some bad, all honest. A man with his wits about him can always find enough people who've lost theirs to earn an honest dollar when he needs one. Just now my funds are tol'ably low, owing to an unfortunate speculation in Bibles."

"In Bibles!" I exclaimed, my curiosity aroused again, as I saw my chameleon changing into a minister again. "How was that?"

"A most ill-advised undertaking, suh, and a departure from principle fo' which I was prope'ly punished. I was just back from a lucrative tour with Lah Grippah, fo' the weather had been singularly propitious, so much so that when I would assemble an audience I could sca'cely make myself heard fo' the blowing of noses. But, while I was in no immediate want, I have reached a time of life, suh, when a gentleman begins to develop an insatiable curiosity to know who is going to pay his boa'd bill next month. An evenin' at stud

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How to formulate a complete purchasing and record system for a mail order house, a factory, or a retail, wholesale, or department store.

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—How to collect by mail.
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—How to organize a credit and collection department.
—How to get out collection letters that get the money.
—How to get quick, accurate, reliable information about a customer's responsibility.
—How to write collection letters that bring in the money without giving offense.
—How to organize your own collection agency and force worthless debtors to pay up.
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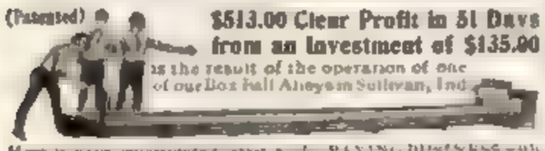

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pokah—a noble game, suh, when played under propah auspices—from which, through a belated smile of fo'tune in the shape of fo' aces, I escaped sho't of complete disaster, hastened my decision. I have regretted since, suh, that I did not lose my money like a gentleman, instead of fritterin' it away trying to elevate a race which I am inclined to feel deserves its misfo'tunes."

"But if Lah Grippah is such a cinch," I interrupted, "why don't you keep right along with that?"

"Lah Grippah is, as you observe, tol'ably certain," the Major returned with an access of dignity, "but the er—publicity attendant on dispensing it to the er—afflicted is most unpleasant to me. In hunting fo' something mo' in keeping with my tastes, something of a speculative natchah which affo'ded a wider margin fo' profit or loss, I called on a publisher with whom I had once done a stroke of business, introducing to our people that wonde'ful volume, The Martahs of the Confederacy, a complete history of the Lost Cause and its Heroes, stimulatin', educational and patriotic, yet as entertainin' as a novel.

"I digress, suh, but I can never think of that admirable volume without my enthusiasm running away with me. I may have mentioned to you, suh, that I had the honah of serving under the gallant and universally-beloved Buckner during the late wah. A great general, a peerless leader, suh!

"Well, in poking around among the publisher's stock I came across the unbound sheets of a tremenjous big book, bigger than an unabridged Webstah. That looked promising, fo' it has been my experience that our people want to buy their prose by the pound and their po'try by the wrappah.

"'What's that, suh?' I asked of the publisher, pointing at the pile with my stick.

"'Bibles, Majah,' he answered. 'Family Bibles, and I wish I could find the families. They'd hardly interest you, though. Quiet reading. Not up-to-date and snappy enough fo' yo' trade.'

"'But they do interest me, suh,' I replied. 'There ought to be right smart of a sale fo' a book as big as that.'

"'Nothin' doin', Majah,' was his discouraging comment. 'We're stung on 'em. Used to be so that every jay in the country had to have one in the best room along with the wax pond-lilies and the crayon of grandpop, the human billygoat. Now they're plum out of style. No demand except for po'table sizes *à la* Oxford. Had 'em ten years, and couldn't sell 'em to a Chink in an infant class.'

"It was that word Chink that did it.

"'But, by Geo'ge, suh, I can sell them,' I said, banging my stick down with one of those sudden inspirations that I have so often found a sou'ce of profit in the past. 'If you'll illustrate them fo' me I'll take the whole lot.'

"Well, suh, in ten minutes I was the possessor of a thousand Bibles, big enough to fill a box-cah, which I proposed to make a powe'ful means fo' good in my home State, and incidentally to one of its deserving sons. The publisher agreed to bind them in plush fo' me and to illustrate them profusely with colored angels."

"Was there anything very novel about that?" I interrupted. "It seems to me I've seen Bibles with colored illustrations somewhere."

"Not with my kind of colored illustrations, suh," the Major returned, smiling indulgently. "My angels were to be blue-black, and saddle-colored, and gingah-colored—any shade but white. In sho't, suh, they were to be coons, and, as you may have obseryed, the Afro-American carries his instability and fickleness of character even into the mattah of his color. I aimed to fetch all shades. That was the nubbin of my idea, suh."

"Coons! You mean that the illustrations were to be of negro angels?" I asked, not quite grasping the idea as yet.

"Exactly, suh. Well, to proceed: I placed myself in communication with a friend in Kentucky, and learned that there was sho'tly to be a big niggah camp-meetin' at Hominy Run; so I shipped my Bibles there and followed them in person. You begin to sense the idea, suh? You begin to apprehend a certain novelty in the conception?"

I admitted that I was beginning both to sense the idea and to apprehend a certain novelty. "You ought to have added a

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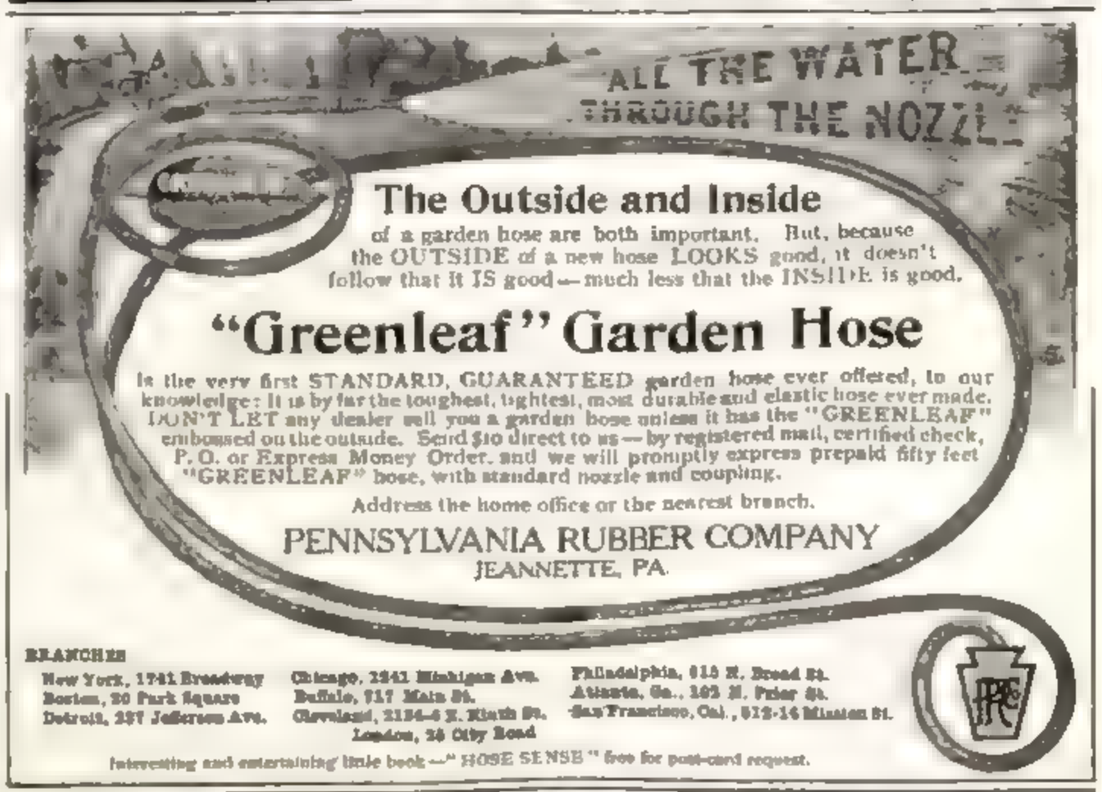

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rag-time hymnbook to your line," I suggested.

"Not a bad idea, suh," the Major replied, pausing as if to make a mental note of it before he continued:

"Well, there must have been five thousand singin', shoutin', watermelon-eatin' niggahs at that camp-meeting, and there seemed to be a good deal of money circulating. It sho'ly did look promising, though I confess that I did not relish the company nor the thought of descending to doing business with niggahs, even though it was largely of a missionary character. I have no prejudice against the African, suh, in his propah place as a servant; but I have always felt that a grave mistake was made in admitting him to the ballot and the privileges of a citizenship fo' which he is totally unfitted by natchah. Fo'tunately, the thought of our best people has found a way to stop injudicious and indiscriminate voting. I need not remind a gentleman of yo' education that the Anglo-Saxon race will nevah brook negro domination.

"The familia'ity and insolence with which I was treated while I was making my arrangements to set up on the grounds fairly made my blood boil, but I remembered that my mission was of a semi-religious natchah, and so managed to appeah ca'm throughout that trying ordeal.

"When my stand was ready and my Bibles stacked up I had no difficulty in attracting a crowd; in fact, some niggah passed the word around that I was a white Bishop who had come to preach to them, and I blush to confess that I humored them in the delusion. I painted an eloquent and moving picture of the wrongs that the African had suffered in ancient times as a subject race, drawing freely on the Old Testament fo' illustration, and the Amens began poppin' all over the crowd. As I warmed up, I reckon I hollered a little, fo' the first thing I knew I had an old Auntie weaving toward me through the crowd, shouting, 'Glory; I'se got it!' I was strongly tempted to stop right there and make a first sale, but I decided that I'd better get them coming a little strongah. So I kept on to slavery times in our beloved Southland, intending, I blush to say, to slandah that halcyon period of our country's history fo' the sake of a few paltry dollahs. But, as I thought of the old days, I found myself drawing a picture of the care-free lives that the slaves had led on the old plantation, with the banjos twangin' and the fried chicken and hog-meat passin' round, which moved me to tears, and was not, I think I may say, entirely wasted on the mo' intelligent members of my audience. I am afraid, though, that I made mo' mouths than eyes watah, fo' I have been told that I have a singularly felicitous manner of describing the delights of the table. Coming to my climax, I showed them how, since the wah, they had been slighted in Science and Art and Literature, and even in Religion; how, in sho't, everything was now in the hands of double-faced Yankees, who, while pretending to love the negro, were really his worst enemies, carrying their secret animosity into the printing of his Bible even. But this great wrong was now to be righted. I had come to this camp-meeting representing an association of benevolent Southern gentlemen, who, as a pure labor of love, and at great expense to themselves, had prepared an edition of the Bible in which the colored race was, fo' the first time, treated fairly. These Bibles I would distribute among them, at a purely nominal charge, barely sufficient to cover cost of packing and freight. The books themselves were really a free gift—a splendid, a glorious, an upliftin' philanthropy.

"Well, suh, that crowd fairly Amened and Hallelujahed itself hoa'se, and, seizing the psychological moment, I motioned to my assistants to pass around the Bibles. It looked as if I was going to reap a rich reward fo' my labors. The coons fairly fell over themselves reachin' fo' the books, but as soon as they looked at the pictures their demeanah underwent an extraordinary change. Instead of manifesting the pleasure that I had a right to expect, suh, as some slight return fo' my thoughtfulness, they simply passed the books back to my assistants and melted away. Almost befo' I knew it, I was alone with my two assistants, my thousand Bibles and one old darky, and he was starting to hobble off. I was simply astounded—astounded and insulted, suh, at receiving such treatment from niggahs. But I had too much at stake

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to resent the outrage as it should have been resented, suh—with my stick. So I called aftah the old darky:

"'Hi, there, uncle; you come back here!'

"The old fellow hobbled up to me reluctantly.

"'What's the mattah with those rascally niggahs?' I questioned sharply, for my temper was a trifle on edge. 'What do they mean by running away from those Bibles, aftah a lot of kind, charitable gentlemen have gone to all this trouble and expense for them? Do they reckon I've got nothing to do but stand around here shoutin' myself hoa'se to amuse a pack of black scalawags?'

"'I reckon dey didn't like de picters, boss,' the darky answered.

"I sho'ly was irritated now. 'Didn't like the pictures?' I shouted. 'What was the mattah with those pictures, you black scoundrel? You answer me that—quick!'

"'Well, boss,' he replied, with a conciliatory smile, 'it's dish yere way. Dem picters ain't dezackly accordin' to our understandin' ob de hereafter. Our pasture has done promised us niggahs dat we'll all be white in Heben, and we jest natchelly won't buy no Jim-Crow Bibles.'

"And, by Geo'ge, suh," the Major concluded, swelling with rage at the remembrance of his wrongs, "the old fellow was right. I'd have had to work my way back here with Lah Grippah if I hadn't finally managed to sell the Bibles, on the strength of their size and plush covers, fo' two-bits apiece, aftah tearing out the pictures. I was richly punished, suh, but I deserved it, and the experience has confirmed me in my impression that any attempt at social or business relations between the two races is most vicious and ill-advised. The African is not fitted, either by natchah or by training, to accept our civilization, suh."

It was almost midnight when the Major and I separated, with mutual expressions of pleasure in our new acquaintance. I went to my dingy little room and crept in between the damp sheets, grinning a little over the Major, but mightily cheered, all the same, at having made a first friend in my new world. For the Major's last words as we parted had been: "Give yo'self no concern about yo' finances, my dear boy. The Lo'd will provide." And then, as if to give this pious assurance some substantial backing, he added: "And if He doesn't, I will, suh. The world is full of ideas, and ideas are money—if you get hold of the right ideas. We're a good pair, suh, and we'll draw to our hand."

Yours, JACK.

Editor's Note—The next installment of Jack Spurlock—Prodigal will appear in a fortnight.

ALBERTA RED

(*Continued from Page 7*)

and beaded moccasins, the very newest capers in automobiles and the most ancient and approved aroma of the Plains Indians.

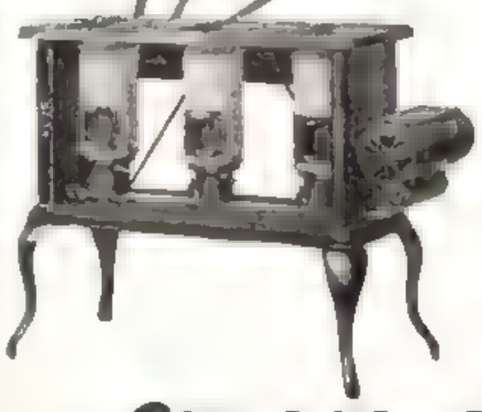
What of the Indians, the lords of the soil, how do they view the serried wheat, the whirring reapers and the uprising elevators red against the setting sun? Some of them, stepping free from blanket and teepee and the glamour of the past, have joined the procession of progress.

The wealthy Qu 'Apelle braves will be hauling to the elevators all winter grain of their own sowing. The squaws will show you bins of flour and roothouses full of vegetables with the pride of the born housekeeper. There will be no empty Mother Hubbard cupboards in the lodges of the Qu 'Apelles this year. Twenty-five years ago these Indians, Crees for the most part, were ill-clad savages heavily armed with sixteen-shooters, desperate over the passing of the buffalo and in open animosity against the whites.

But all the Indians of the West have not so peacefully taken up the white man's burden. Down in the Cardston-Magrath beet-root country, where the Mormons from Utah are making the desert blossom as the rose, near the international boundary between Alberta and the United States, is the Blood Agency, the biggest Indian reserve in Canada. It comprises five hundred and forty square miles, or 345,600 acres, of excellent land capable of producing beets or winter wheat, and maintaining a white agricultural population of perhaps eleven thousand souls. If each farming family raised one hundred acres of wheat a year the

SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT

The Days that Prove This Stove



The stove that is best for washing-day, ironing-day and baking-day is best for every other day of the week. The New Perfection Oil Stove is such a stove by every test. It does its work in a new and different way from other oil stoves. It produces a clean blue flame, which, without overheating the kitchen, is instantly ready for boiling the water, heating the irons, or baking the bread. The

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will make your kitchen work lighter, will cut your fuel bills in two, and will give you a cooler kitchen. Made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Fully warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

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Sizes:			
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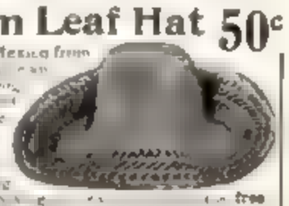

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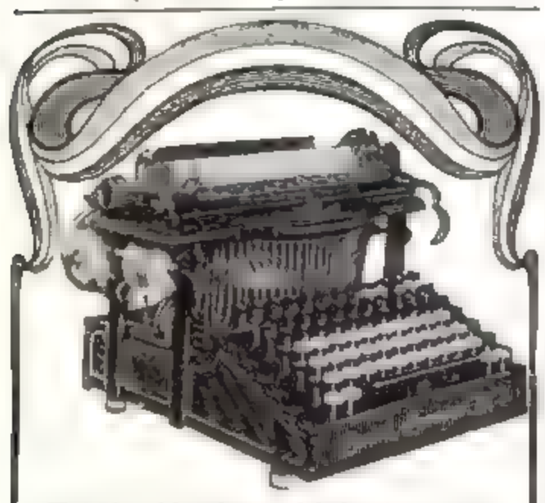

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new wealth produced on this land would be over two and one-half millions annually.

In place of the potential harvests what do we find? The Bloods in occupancy number three hundred men, four hundred women and five hundred children. They earned last year only thirty dollars per capita. The band, partly polygamous and pagan, living on the fattest of all fecund soils, drew from the Government free rations of three hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds of beef, one hundred and ninety-two thousand pounds of flour, with concomitant bacon, beans and tea. These Bloods will not be cajoled into living in villages; there are no more buffalo, but the old desire for wandering is in the blood, and these Indians are in nowise keen to have their youngsters made unlike themselves no seductive kindergarten wiles for them.

The Blackfoot Reserve east of Calgary is the second largest in the Dominion. These degenerate sons of fighting sires have taken kindly to cattle raising. The excitement of riding the range fills a Creation-old want. Seven years ago the Blackfeet owned but six hundred cattle; now they draw from the Ottawa sideboard just one-third of the free rations furnished in 1900.

Individual Indians have waxed fat on this reserve. "Old Woman at War," consumed with a burning appetite for experiment, and who, like Rosa Dartle, "wanted to know," ten years ago traded ten cayuse ponies for ten Government heifers. He now owns one hundred head of stock and has one thousand dollars in a chartered bank at Calgary.

Canada Wants More People

If Canada were as thickly populated as the British Isles it would have over a billion people. Fifty years ago the population of its great West was eight thousand; to-day it is eight hundred thousand. Canada started the twentieth century with the same population with which the United States began the nineteenth. The Canadian West is capable of producing three billion bushels of wheat, but for lack of population less than three per cent. of its wheat-growing area is under cultivation. So again we iterate, Canada wants population.

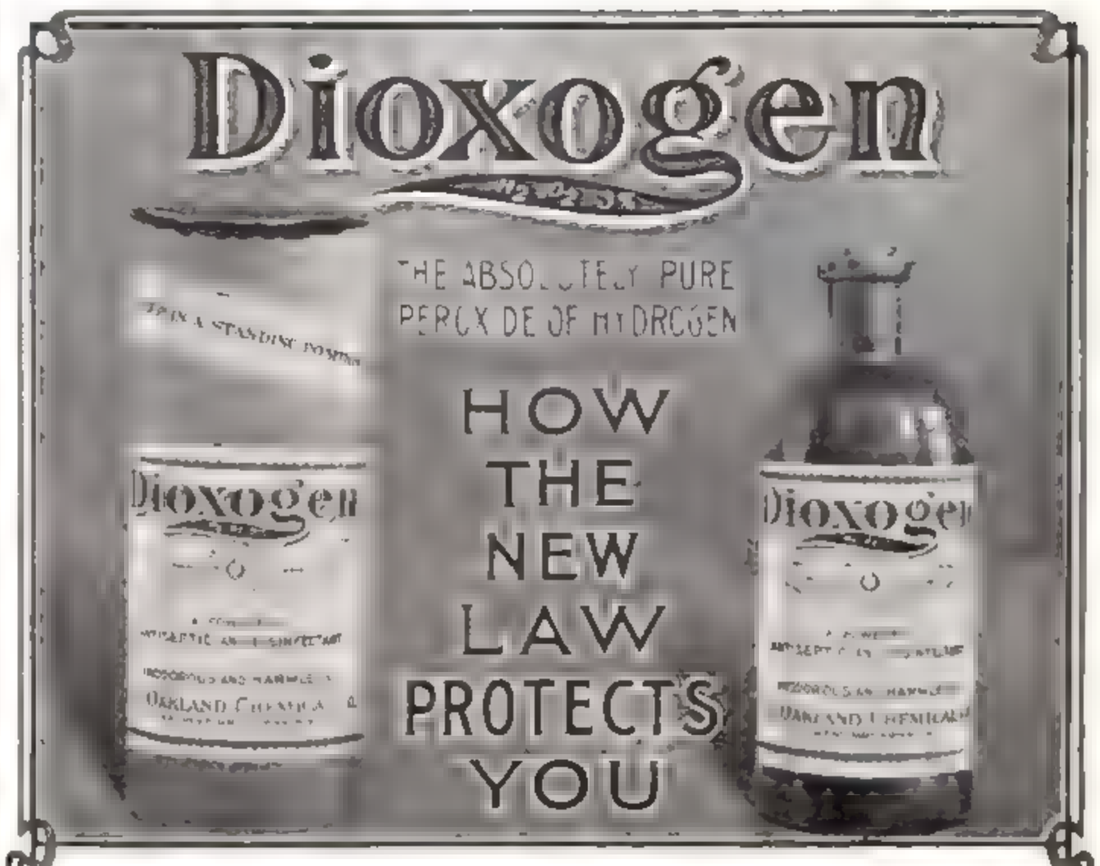
England needs an annual supply of two hundred million bushels of wheat to meet her bread deficiency. In the Canadian Northwest there are two hundred million acres that will produce wheat. If one-fourth of this area be eventually devoted to wheat, we have a grain supply that will cover England's deficiency, help out Russia, make macaroni for Italy, spread itself out to Japan, and at home, on both sides of that imaginary parallel where the eagle perches and makes friendly eyes at the beaver, put into the full dinner-pail of the working-man a bigger and a cheaper loaf.

And that is Western Canada's secret to-day. The flood of immigration thither is not the outcome of the temporary mood of mankind or of the immigration policy of a government. It is the natural sequence of the economic conditions of a continent seeking the outlet of least resistance to a more favorable situation. The day that Alberta demonstrated she could grow hard winter wheat was her day of destiny.

Standing with me on the rolling foothills near Calgary, and looking out over the illimitable prairie, a companion regretted the passing, or rather the pushing farther back, of the cowboy. "It means the death of Romance," said he. Romance dead? Looking at the increasing thousands of American farmers now migrating to Canada, let us first of all put out of our mind the thoughts that they are or have been failures in their own land. Not so. They are people who have made good, intent on making better. For the well-being of their children they are cutting loose from old ties and all that old ties mean to the old and the middle-aged. It is a sacrifice of present ease that others may have easy conditions. No romance here? In this is all the divine tragedy of life.

The West has no use for dreamers, but it wants workers. The more it gets the better is everybody pleased, for here is room for every man alert to grasp the skirts of happy chance.

Listen to what Professor Tanner, the great English agriculturist and chemist, has to say of this soil: "Although we have hitherto considered the black earth of Central Russia the richest soil in the world, that land has now to yield its distinguished position to the rich, deep, black soil of Western Canada. The earth here is a rich



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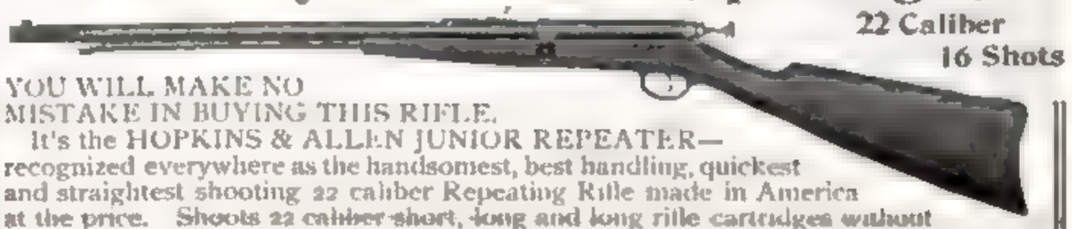

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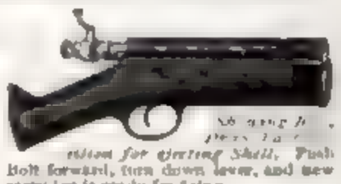

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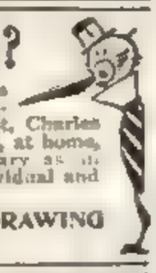

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vegetable humus from one to four feet in depth, with a surface deposit rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash."

We have seen that it was the shrewd Yankee who heard the call of the wild, the Canadian wild, half a dozen years ago. Indeed, in the poker game of grain and good things it was largely he who made the call. It is not generally known that more wheat is bought and sold in Winnipeg than in Chicago, and it is American money that moves more than half of it. An American contractor built at Port Arthur, at the western extremity of Lake Superior, the largest grain elevator in the world. Not far off from here, at Rainy River, an American company bought a million dollars' worth of Crown timber, built the largest sawmill in the world, and spent two more millions of American money developing power to run it.

The Best of Feelin' 'Cross the Line

On the Canadian side of this dividing Rainy River, last summer, I asked a venerable farmer if there was any feeling between the nations on different sides of the little stream. "Feelin'? Yes, lady, the best of feelin'. A neighbor rowed four miles last Sunday to invite my little grandson to a birthday party, and he can holler for the Stars and Stripes all he likes when he gets over there."

Going farther on I reached the old conservative Canadian town of Fort Frances, where the daily newspapers had an announcement: "This year we will not observe the First of July (Dominion Day), but will suspend business instead on the Fourth and go and help our cousins celebrate across the river." The feeling right along the 49th parallel is much the same. In the wheat country the people honor equally the First of July and the Fourth.

The British Columbia border mining towns are largely owned and dominated by Americans, and when we reach the most westerly city in the Dominion, Victoria, which calls herself proudly "the most English city in the Empire," we find at many public functions the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes lovingly intertwined.

While older communities spend idle hours wondering if it is possible for cities to own their public utilities, Calgary steps in and forthwith owns hers. The Alberta Government churns butter for the farmer and markets his eggs for him. "And they're awfully particular, by Jove!" my English "rawncher" says to me. "If the eggs are the least bit stale they reject them, don't yer know." It is true paternalism.

The story of the next five years will be one of stupendous increase, the watchwords of Western advance being Winter Wheat and Irrigation. Any sketch of the conditions affecting Calgary would be incomplete that ignored the vast irrigation project of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the greatest irrigation scheme attempted on the continent.

The Bow River is one of Calgary's great assets. It is a means of transportation, a free log-run from forest to city lumber-mills, its waters furnish motive power for machinery and again are transmuted into electricity—electricity municipally-owned and not the property of trust or merger. Pretty good for one little river. But Flanagan's mighty Canadian Pacific Railroad has other projects for this busy stream. By the biggest, the most ambitious and perhaps the most successful irrigation scheme in America, the waters of the Bow River are being made to irrigate land for the production of the hard wheat that is to feed the now unborn babies of Hakodate and Kobé and Yokohama.

The canal constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railroad has an absolute right under the Canadian law to two thousand cubic feet of water per second from the Bow River, and during the irrigation season the flow usually averages about six thousand cubic feet per second. The source and volume of the supply are therefore assured, and the title to the water is as good as the title to the land.

The project is a big one. The water for irrigation is diverted from the Bow River at a point about two miles below the city of Calgary, and from there is carried south and east through a main canal seventeen miles in length, which is sixty feet in width at the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet in width at the water-line, and carries water to a depth of ten feet.

Doctor Mead, Chief of Drainage and Irrigation Investigations, Department of

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

The Piquancy of The Savory Sauce

Vine-ripened tomatoes, made into a sauce of appetizing deliciousness the day they are picked, help give to Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce that distinctive tang which makes the thought of Van Camp's a tantalizing memory to the hungry man. Tomatoes for Van Camp's must be just ripe enough—tempting specimens of full-flavored, juicy perfection—before they are picked from the vines.

No green-plucked, artificially ripened tomatoes for Van Camp's to spoil the flavor of the sauce. But only tomatoes which have received their full allotment of spicy goodness from the hand of Nature herself are allowed to go into Van Camp's.

If the tomato is picked when a little too green, its flavor has not reached the right degree of development—if a little too ripe, the flavor is over-developed—but there is a moment known to Van Camp's when the flavor is at the pinnacle of deliciousness and the juice fairly sparkles, and that's the moment when the Van Camp Tomatoes are picked. Then from these perfect, vine-ripened tomatoes is produced the famous Van Camp sauce for Van Camp's Pork and Beans—a delicate, piquant, savory sauce to whet the appetite and give still greater relish to the feast which Van Camp's provide. And how easy it is to prepare this feast. You simply heat a can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans in hot water—open—turn out on a platter—and the thing is done, all in ten minutes. Before you, lie the perfect Van Camp beans, surrounded by the appetizing Van Camp Tomato Sauce, with the spicy slice of tender pork that gives just the right richness.

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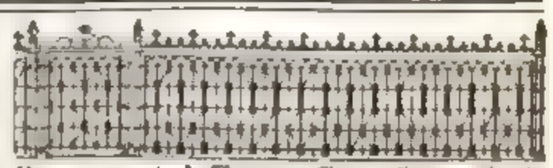

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2—Irrigation works must be completed to the satisfaction of inspecting Government engineers.

3—The irrigation season (May to October) shall be fixed by the Government and not left to the whim of an irrigation company.

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Calgary to the uninitiated seems far north. What would these people say to the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company have maintained a large flouring-mill away up on the Peace River, full five hundred miles north of Calgary, for three-quarters of a century? Those who know anything of the ancient and honorable company know that they don't run flour-mills for their health. There are no little red schoolhouses without children, no big red elevators without wheat, no Hudson's Bay Company's flour-mills without near-by growing grain. Yet that Peace River mill is seven hundred miles north of the United States boundary and one thousand five hundred miles nearer the North Pole than Omaha is. And away up here in the happy harvest-time are

Reapers reaping in the shocks
Of gold, and girls in purple frocks.

The grain field of Canada is the largest in the world. Yet we must be afraid of mere bigness. After four decades of reconstruction and readjustment and steady progress the people of this half-continent of the Canadian Dominion feel the beat and thrill of a new national life. It is the virtue and abounding life of the Larger Canada. The people are coming in, and there is potential bread in every broad acre of the Last West. But man does not live by bread alone. Larger Canada must have a soul as well as a body, or out of its very fatness it will decay. A nation is great not because its territory is wide and its natural resources abundant. Its greatness inheres in those qualities which cannot be reckoned in the counting-house or stored in the granary; in the greatness of its nature, the magnanimity of its impulses, the integrity of its honor, and the worth of its service.

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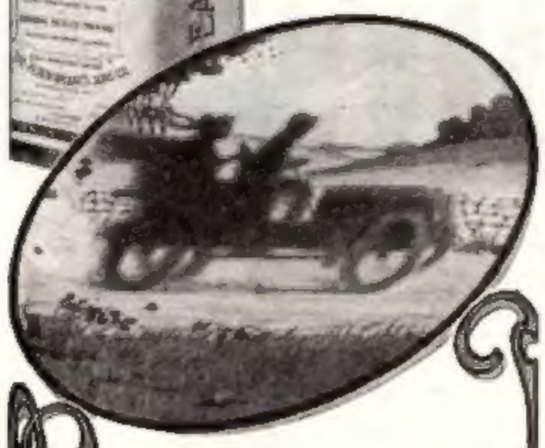

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The Coming Parliament of Man

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

Baron d'Æhrenthal was as positive and as enthusiastic as the King of Italy. The moment I touched upon that subject his somewhat skeptical and mocking tone disappeared.

"There you are right!" he exclaimed with conviction. "It is the aeroplane which will destroy armaments. It will upset everything. Of course it is not yet perfect. Nor can any one say when it will be. But when it is ready the old war system will vanish. Hence, if the Parliaments of the World are really anxious to end war, let them vote an appropriation every year to be devoted to experiments in building aeroplanes. That will do what you want. Nothing else will."

When I visited Budapest I met Mr. F. Kossuth, who, besides being the son of Louis Kossuth, is a distinguished engineer. He said that he regarded the problem as practically solved. The difficulty was generating high power in a light machine. That has now been accomplished. All that remains to be done is a mere matter of detail. "This," he said, "is what you ought to do. Let an aeroplane hover high in the air over the first meeting of The Hague Conference, and drop a little bomb into the midst of the delegates, and even although the bomb be not loaded with explosives, it will shed quite a new light on the question of armaments."

What a chance for the Wright Brothers!

The subject has made its way into fiction, and Central Europe is discussing in its lighter moments a fantasy on the subject which has just been written by an author who, a little while ago, wrote a serious essay on Russian finance. According to this speculator, the next great war will be fought in the air. Strong aeroplanes will tow cylindrical balloons, each capable of supporting two hundred men, across the frontier to the enemy's capital. The infinite expanse of the empyrean enables the invaders easily to evade the vigilance of the defending forces, and the French are thus enabled to strike a decisive and deadly blow at the heart of the German Empire. It is a somewhat grim contribution to the nightmares of our time, and already in imagination men see the realization of Tennyson's vision and feel the "ghastly dew" of the blood of slaughtered men raining down from the azure depths in which aerial navies are in death grapple.

What security have you, some ask, that instead of doing away with war the aeroplane will simply change the scene of action to another element? To this the answer is that, infinite as is the expanse of the "central blue," it is inadequate to afford manœuvring space for the mobilization of a fleet of aeroplanes numerous enough to be an effective representation of the actual material strength of the combatants. Land armies and sea navies do, in some rough way, correspond to the rival force of the peoples at war. To hoist into mid-air and to employ for effective purposes of combat a force adequately representing a whole nation assumes that the airship of the future will require much less expanse of sail and be much more compact and handy than any that have yet been imagined. But, unless the aerial navy can be accepted as an adequate embodiment of the nation's force, a combat in mid-air can only be regarded as trial by ordeal of battle between a champion or champions on either side. Against that method of deciding the rights of the question on land, the commonsense of mankind revolted long ago. It is hardly likely to be reëstablished overhead.

Whatever may be the possibility of using the aeroplanes in the future as a substitute for armies and navies, that cannot be realized until long after the aeroplane has demonstrated its capacity as a destroyer of existing armaments. A single pirate of the air, armed with an ample supply of high explosives, would suffice to paralyze a battle fleet or render a fortress untenable. It will say little for the ingenuity of mankind if some other method of settling disputes cannot be generally accepted before the advance of aeronautical science renders possible the elevation of the whole fighting-force of the nation into the air.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Stead upon the conditions for universal peace as he found them on a tour of the capitals of Europe.

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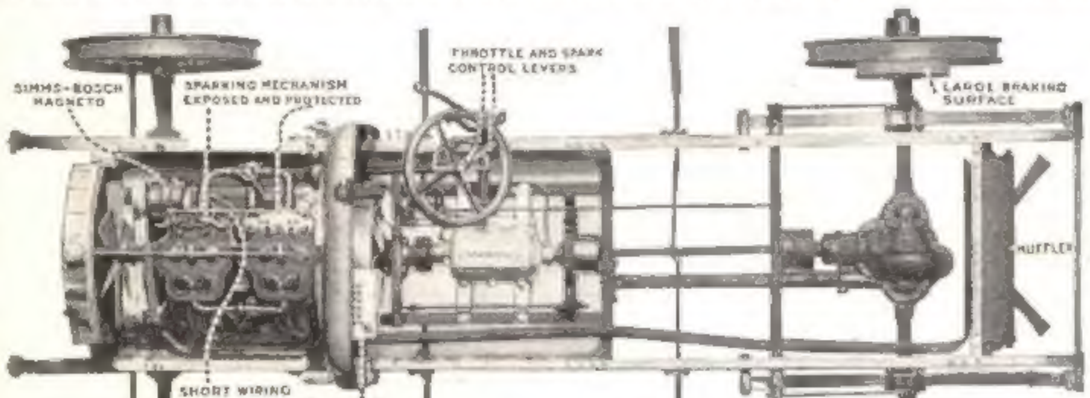

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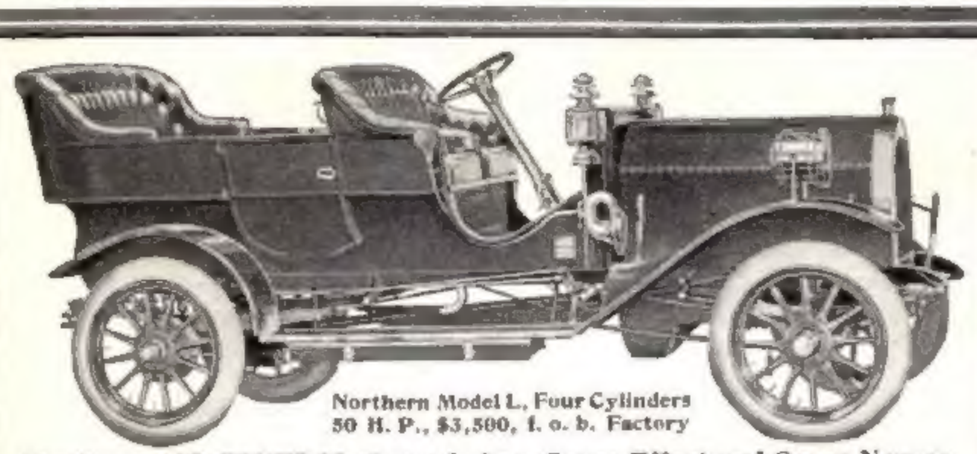

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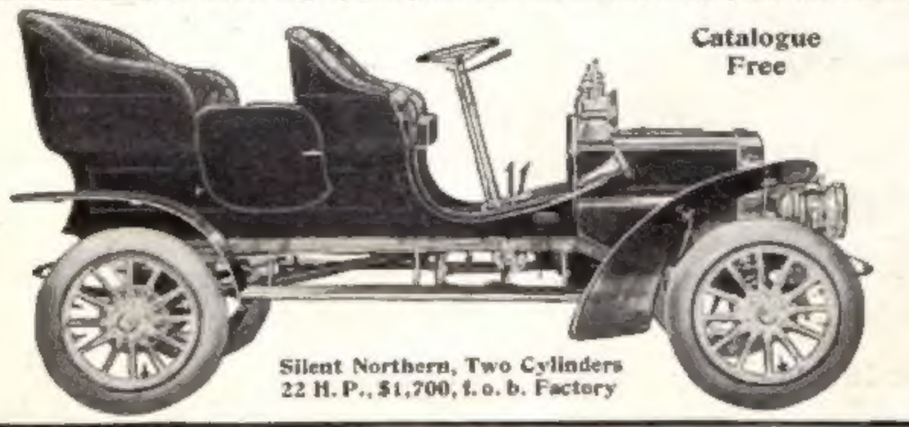

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Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

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The Alabastine Company,
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